











# BARTHOLMEW FAYRE:

## A COMEDIE, ACTED IN THE YEARE, 1614.

By the Lady *ELIZABETHS*  
SERVANTS.

And then dedicated to King *IAMES*, of  
*most Blessed Memorie*;

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By the Author, BENIAMIN IOHNSON.

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*Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus: nam  
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,  
Vt sibi praeberent, mimo spectacula plura.  
Scriptores autem narrare putares assello  
Fabellam furdo.* Hor. lib. 2. Epist. 1.



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LONDON,  
Printed by *I. B.* for ROBERT ALLOT, and are  
to be sold at the signe of the *Beare*, in *Pauls*  
Church-yard. 1631.





# THE PROLOGVE TO THE KINGS MAIESTY.



*Our Maiesty is welcome to a Fayre;  
Such place, such men, such language & such ware,  
You must expect: with these, the zealous noyse  
Of your lands Faction, scandaliz'd at toyes,  
As Babies, Hobby-horses, Puppet-plays,  
And such like rage, whereof the petulant wayes  
Your selfe haue knowne, and haue bin vext with long.  
These for your sport, without perticular wrong,  
Or iust complaint of any priuats man,  
(Who of himselfe, or shall thinke well or can)  
The Maker doth present: and hopes, to night  
To giue you for a Fayring, true delight.*

A 3

THE



# THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

<b>J</b> OHNNY LITTLEWIT.	<i>A Proctor.</i>
WIN LITTLEWIT.	<i>His wife.</i>
DAME PURCRAFT.	<i>Her mother and a widow.</i>
ZEAL OF THE LAND BUSY.	<i>Her Suitor, a Banbury man.</i>
WIN-WIFE.	<i>His Riual, a Gentleman.</i>
QUARLOVS.	<i>His companion, a Gamester.</i>
BARTHOLMEW COOKES.	<i>An Esquire of Harrow.</i>
HUMPHREY WASPE.	<i>His man.</i>
ADAM OVER-DOO.	<i>A Justice of Peace.</i>
DAME OVERDOO.	<i>His wife.</i>
GRACE WELBORNE.	<i>His Ward.</i>
LANT. LEATHERHEAD.	<i>A Hobbi-horse seller.</i>
IOANE TRASH.	<i>A Ginger-bread woman.</i>
EZECHIEL EDGWORTH.	<i>A Cutpurse.</i>
NIGHTINGALE.	<i>A Ballad-singer.</i>
VRSLA.	<i>A Pigge-woman.</i>
MOON-CALFE.	<i>Her Tapster.</i>
IORDAN KNOCK-HVM.	<i>A Horse-courser, and ranger o'</i>
VAL. CUTTING.	<i>A Roarer. (Turnbull.)</i>
CAPTAIN WHITE.	<i>A Bard.</i>
PVNOVE ALICE.	<i>Mistresse o' the Game.</i>
TROUBLE-ALL.	<i>A Madman.</i>

WHITCHMEN, three.  
 COSTARD-monger.  
 MOUSETRAP-man.  
 CLOTHIER.  
 WRESTLER.  
 PORTERS.  
 DOORE-KEEPERS.  
 PUPPETS.

THE





## THE INDVCTION. ON THE *STAGE*.

### STAGE-KEEPER.

**G**entlemen, haue a little patience, they are e'en vpon comming, instantly. He that should beginne the Play, Master *Littlewit*, the *Proctor*, has a stich new salne in his black silk stocking; 'twill be drawn vp ere you can tell twenty. He playes one o' the *Arches*, that dwells about the *Hospitall*, and hee has a very pretty part. But for the whole Play, will you ha' the truth on't? (I am looking, lest the *Poet* heare me, or his man, Master *Broome*, behind the Arras) it is like to be a very conceited scurvy one, in plaine English. When't comes to the *Fayre*, once: you were e'en as good goe to *Virginia*, for any thing there is of *Smith-field*. Hee has not hit the humors, he do's not know 'hem; hee has not counters'd with the *Bartholomew*-birds, as they say; hee has ne're a Sword, and Buckler man in his *Fayre*, nor a little *Dauy*, to take toll o' the Bawds there, as in my time, nor a *Kind-heart*, if any bodies teeth should chance to ake in his Play. Nor a Iugler with a wel-educated Ape to come ouer the chaine, for the *King* of *England*, and backe againe for the *Princke*, and sit still on his arse for the *Pope*, and the *King* of *Spaine*!. None o' these fine sights! Nor has he the Canuas-cut it the night, for a Hobby-horseman to creepe into his ~~the~~ neighbour, and rake his leap, there!

there! Nothing! No, and some writer (that I know) had had but the penning o' this matter, hee would ha' made you such a *lig-ajogge* i'the bootthes, you should ha' thought an earthquake had beene i'the *Fayre*! But these Master-Poets, they will ha' their owne absurd courses; they will be inform'd of nothing! Hee has (*sirreuerence*) kick'd me three, or foure times about the Tying-house, I thanke him, for but offering to putt in, with my experience. I'll be iudg'd by you, *Gentlemen*, now, but for one conceit of mine! would not a fine Pumpe vpon the Stage ha' done well, for a property now? and a *Puncke* set vnder vpon her head, with her Sterne vpward, and ha' beene sous'd by my wity young masters o'the *Innes o' Court*? what thinke you o'this for a shew, now? hee will not heare o'this! I am an Ass! I and yet I kept the *Stage* in Master *Tarletons* time, I thanke my starres. Ho! and that man had liu'd to haue play'd in *Bartbolmeu Fayre*, you should ha' seene him ha' come in, and ha' beene coozened i'the Cloath-quater, so finely! And *Adams*, the Rogue, ha' leap'd and caper'd vpon him, and ha' dealt his vermine about, as though they had cost him nothing. And then a substantiall watch to ha' stolne in vpon 'hem, and taken 'hem away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is, in the *Stage-practice*.

*Booke-bolder. Scriuener. To him.*

**B**ooke. How now? what rare discourse are you false vpon? ha? ha? you found any familiars here, that you are so free? what's the businesse?

*Sta.* Nothing, but the vnderstanding Gentlemen o' the ground here, ask'd my iudgement.

*Booke.* Your iudgement, Rascall? for what? sweeping the *Stage*? or gathering vp the broken Apples for the beares within? Away Rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these *spectacles* when such a youth as you pretend to a iudgement. And yet hee may, i'the most o'this matter i'faith:

For,

For the *Author* hath writ it iust to his *Meridian*, and the *Scale* of the grounded Iudgements here, his Play-fellowes in wit. Gentlemen; not for want of a *Prologue*, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a *Scriuener*, and certaine Articles drawne out in hast betweene our *Author*, and you; which if you please to heare, and as they appeare reasonable, to approue of; the *Play* will follow presently. Read, *Scribe*, gi me the Counterpaine.

**Scr. ARTICLES** of Agreement, indented, between the *Spectators* or *Hearers*, at the *Hope* on the Bankeside, in the County of *Surrey* on the one party; And the *Author* of *Bartholmew Fayre* in the said place, and County on the other party: the one and thirtieth day of *Octob.* 1614, and in the twelfth yeere of the Raigne of our Soueragine Lord, **JAMES** by the grace of God *King of England, France, & Ireland*; Defender of the faith. And of *Scotland* the seauen and fortieth.

**INPRIMIS**, It is couenanted and agreed, by and betweene the parties abouesaid, and the said *Spectators*, and *Hearers*, aswell the curious and enuious, as the fauouring and iudicious, as also the grounded Iudgements and vnderstandings, doe for themselves seuerally Couenant, and agree to remaine in the places, their money or friends haue put them in, with patience, for the space of two houres and an halfe, and somewhat more. In which time the *Author* promisseth to present them by vs, with a new sufficient Play called **BARTHOLMEW FAYRE**, merry, and as full of noise, as sport: made to delight all, and to offend none. Prouided they haue either, the wit or the honesty to thinke well of themselves.

It is further agreed that euery person here, haue his or their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their owne charge, the *Author* hauing now departed with his right: It shall bee lawfull for any man to iudge his six pen'orth his twelue pen'orth, so to his eightene pence, 2. shillings, halfe a crowne, to the value of his place: Prouided alwaies his place get not about his wit. And if he pay for halfe a dozen

See Counterpart  
of the induction

See prologue  
to the play

## THE INDUCTION.

dozen, hee may censure for all them too, so that he will vndertake that they shall bee silent. Hee shall put in for *Censures* here, as they doe for *lots* at the *lottery*: mary if he drop but sixe pence at the doore, and will censure a crownes worth, it is thought there is no conscience, or iustice in that.

It is also agreed, that euery man heere, exercise his owne Iudgement, and not censure by *Contagion*, or vp-on *trust*, from anothers voice, or face, that sits by him, be he neuer so first, in the *Commission of Wit*: As also, that hee bee fixt and settled in his censure, that what hee approues, or not approues to day, hee will doe the same to morrow, and if to morrow, the next day, and so the next weeke (if neede be:) and not to be brought about by any that sits on the *Bench* with him, though they indite, and arraigne *Playes* daily. Hee that will sweare, *Ieronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the best playes, yet, shall passe vnexcepted at, heere, as a man whose Iudgement shewes it is constant, and hath stood still, these fise and twentie, or thirtie yeeres. Though it be an *Ignorance*, it is a vertuous and stay'd ignorance; and next to *truth*, a confirm'd errour does well; such a one the *Author* knowes where to finde him.

It is further couenanted, concluded and agreed, that how great soeuer the expectation bee, no person here, is to expect more then hee knowes, or better ware then a *Fayre* will affoord: neyther to looke backe to the sword and buckler-age of *Smishfield*, but content himselfe with the present. In stead of a little *Dauy*, to take toll o'the Bawds, the *Author* doth promise a strutting *Horse-courser*, with a *leerc-Drunkard*, two or three to attend him, in as good *Equipage* as you would wish. And then for *Kinde-heart*, the Tooth-drawer, a fine oyley *Pig-woman* with her *Tapster*, to bid you welcome, and a consort of *Roarers* for musique. A wise *Iustice of Peace meditant*, in stead of a *Iugler*, with an *Ape*. A ciuill *Cutpurse searchant*. A sweete *Singer* of new Bal-lads



# THE INDUCTION.

lads *allurant* : and as fresh an *Hypocrite*, as euer was broach'd rampant. If there bee neuer a *Servant-monster*, i'the *Fayre*, who can helpe it? he saies; nor a nest of *Antiques*? Hee is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Plays*, likethose that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*, to mixe his head with other mens heeles; let the concupiscence of *Liggs* and *Dances*, raigne as strong as it will amongst you : yet if the *Puppets* will please any body, they shall be entreated to come in.

In *consideration of which*, it is finally agreed, by the fore-said hearers, and *spectators*, that they neyther in themselves conceale, nor suffer by them to be concealed any *State-decipherer*, or polititique *Picklocke* of the *Scene*, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by the *Ginger-bread-woman*, who by the *Hobby-horse-man*, who by the *Costard-monger*, nay, who by their *Wares*. Or that will pretend to affirme (on his owne *inspired ignorance*) what *Mirror of Magistrates* is meant by the *Iustice*, what *great Lady* by the *Pigge-woman*, what *con- d States-man*, by the *Seller of Mouse-trappes*, and so of the rest. But that such person, or persons so found, be left discovered to the mercy of the *Author*, as a forfeiture to the *Stage*, and your laughter, afore said. As also, such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously, play the *foole* by his place afore said, to challenge the *Author* of *scurrilitie*, because the language some where fauours of *Smithfield*, the *Booth*, and the *Pig-broath*, or of prophanenesse, because a *Mad-man* cries, *God quit you*, or *blesse you*. In *witnesse* whereof, as you haue preposterously put to your *Scales* already (which is *your money*) you will now adde the other part of *suffrage*, your hands, The *Play* shall presently begin. And though the *Fayre* be not kept in the same *Region*, that some here, perhaps, would haue it, yet thinke, that therein the *Author* hath obseru'd a speciall *Decorum*, the place being as durty as *Smithfield*, and as stinking euery whit.

How-

# THE INDUCTION.

Howsoever, hee prays you to beleue, his Ware is still  
the same, else you will make him iustly suspect that  
hee that is so loth to looke on a *Baby*, or an *Hob-*  
*by-horse*, heere, would bee glad to take vp  
a *Commodity* of them, at any laugh-  
ter, or losse, in ano-  
ther place.

**BARTHOL**



# BARTHOLMEVV FAYRE.

## ACT. I. SCENE. I.

LITTLE-VVIT. { To him } VVIN.



Pretty conceit, and worth the finding ! I ha' such lucke to spinne out these fine things still, and like a Silke-worme, out of my selfe. Her's Master *Bartholomew Cokes*, of *Harrow*. o'th hill, i'th County of *Middlesex*, Esquire, takes forth his Licence, to marry Mistrisse *Grace Welborne* of the said place and County : and when do's hee take it foorth ? to day ! the foure and twentieth of August ! *Bartholmew* day ! *Bartholmew* vpon *Bartholmew* ! there's the deuice ! who would haue mark'd such a leap-frogge chance now ? A very lesse then *Ames-ace*, on two Dice ! well, goethy wayes *John Little-wit*, Proctor *John Little-wit* : One o' the pretty wits o' *Pauls*, the *Little wit* of *London* (so thou art call'd) and some thing beside. When a quirk, or a quiblin do's scape thee, and thou dost not watch, and apprehend it, and bring it afore the Constable of conceit : (there now, I speake quib too) let hem carry thee out o' the Archdeacons Court, into his Kitchin, and make a lack of thee, instead of a *John*. (There I am againe la !) *Win*, Good morrow, *Win*. I marry *Win* ! Now you looke finely indeed, *Win* ! this Cap do's conuince ! you'd not ha' worne it, *VVin*, nor ha' had it veluet, but a rough countrey Beauer, with a copper-band, like the Comey-skinne woman of *Budge-row* ? Sweete *VVin*, let me kisse it ! And her fine high shooes, like the *Spanish Lady* ! Good *VVin*, goe a litle I would faine see thee pace, pretty *VKin* ! By this fine Cap, I could neuer leaue kissing on't.

B

VVin.

WIN. Come,indeede la, you are such a foole, still!

LITT. No, but halfe a one, *Win*, you are the tother halfe: man and wife make one foole, *Win*. (Good!) Is there the Proctor, or Doctor indeed, i' the *Diocesse*, that euer had the fortune to win him such a *Win*! (There I am againe!) I doe feele conceits comming vpon mee, more then I am able to turne tongue too. A poxe o' these pretenders, to wit! your *Three Cranes*, *Mitter*, and *Mermaid* men! Not a corne of true salt, nor a graine of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places or so, againe the next *Wis* fall, and pay two pence in a quart more for their *Canary*, then other men. But gi' mee the man, can start vp a *Iustice* of *Wit* out of six-shillings beare, and giue the law to all the *Poets*, and *Poet-suckers* i' Towne, because they are the Players Gossips? 'Slid, other men haue wiues as fine as the Players, and as well drest. Come hither, *Win*.

## ACT. I. SCENE. II.

WIN-WIFE. LITTLEVVIT. WIN.

**V**Hy, how now Master *Little-wit*! measuring of lips? or molding of kisses? which is it?

LITT. Troth I am a little taken with my *Wins* dressing here! Do'st not fine Master *Win-wife*? How doe you apprehend, Sir? Shee would not ha' worne this habit. I challenge all *Cheapside*, to shew such another: *Morefields*, *Pimlico* path, or the *Exchange*, in a sommer euening, with a Lace to boot as this has. Deare *Win*, let Master *Win-wife* kisse you. Hee comes a wooing to our mother *Win*, and may be our father perhaps, *Win*. There's no harme in him, *Win*.

WIN-w. None i' the earth, Master *Little-wit*.

LITT. I enuy no man, my delicates, Sir.

WIN-w. Alas, you ha' the garden where they grow still! A wife beere with a *Strawbery*-breath, *Chery*-lips, *Apricot*-cheekes, and a soft velvet head, like a *Melicotton*.

LITT. Good y' faith! now dulnesse vpon mee, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't, as well as he! Velvet head!

WIN-w. But my taste, Master *Little-wit*, tends to fruit of a later kinde: the sober Matron, your wiues mother.

LITT. I! wee know you are a Suitor, Sir. *Win*, and I both, wish you well: by this Licence here, would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it, as here are a couple. *Win* would faine haue a fine young father i' law, with a fether: that her mother might



might hood it, and chaine it, with Mistris *Ouer-doo*. But, you doe not take the right course, Master *Win-wife*.

WIN-W. No? Master *Little-wit*, why?

LIT. You are not madde enough.

WIN-W. How? Is madnesse a right course?

LIT. I say nothing, but I winke vpon *Win*. You haue a friend, one (Master *Quarlous*) comes here sometimes?

WIN-W. Why? he makes no loue to her, do's he?

LIT. Not a tokenworth that euer I saw, I assure you, But—

WIN-W. What?

LIT. He is the more Mad-cap o'the two. You doe not apprehend mee.

WIN. You haue a hot coale i' your mouth, now, you cannot hold.

LIT. Let mee out with it, deare *Win*.

WIN. I'll tell him my selfe.

LIT. Doe, and take all the thanks, and much do good thy pretty heart, *Win*.

WIN. Sir, my mother has had her natiuity-water cast lately by the Cunning men in *Cow lane*, and they ha' told her her fortune, and doe ensure her, shee shall neuer haue happy houre; vnlesse shee marry within this sen'night, and when it is, it must be a Madde-man, they say.

LIT. I, but it must be a Gentle-man Mad-man.

WIN. Yes, so the tother man of *More-fields* sayes.

WIN-W. But do's shee belecue 'hem?

LIT. Yes, and ha's beene at *Bedlem* twice since, euery day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there, mad!

WIN-W. Why, this is a confederacy, a meere piece of practice vpon her, by these *Impostors*?

LIT. I tell her so; or else say I, that they meane some young-Madcap-Gentleman (for the diuell can equiuocate, as well as a Shop-keeper) and therefore would I aduise you, to be a little madder, then Master *Quarlous*, hereafter.

WIN. Where is shee? stirring yet?

LIT. Stirring! Yes, and studying an old Elder, come from *Banbury*, a Suitor that puts in heere at meale-tyde, to praise the painefull brethren, or pray that the sweet fingers may be restor'd; Sayes a grace as long as his breath lasts him! Some time the spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or *Win*, are faine to fetch it againe with *Malmesey*, or *Aqua celestis*.

WIN. Yes indeed, we haue such a tedious life with him for his dyet, and his clothes too, he breaks his buttons, and cracks seams at euery saying he sobs out.

IOH. He cannot abide my Vocation, he sayes.

WIN. No, he told my mother, a *Proctor* was a claw of the *Beast*,

and that she had little lesse then committed *abomination* in marry-  
ing me so as she ha's done.

IOH. Euery line (he sayes) that a *Proctor* writes, when it comes  
to be read in the Bishops Court, is a long blacke hayre, kemb'd out  
of the tayle of *Anti-Christ*.

WIN-W. When came this *Proselyte*?

IOH. Some three dayes since.

## ACT. I. SCENE. IIJ.

QV ARLOVS, IOHN, WIN, WIN-VVIFE.

O Sir, ha' you tane soyle, here? it's well, a man may reach you,  
after 3. houres running, yet! what an vnmercifull companion  
art thou, to quit thy lodging, at such vngentle manly houres?  
None but a scatterd couey of Fidlers, or one of these Rag-rakers  
in dung-hills, or some Marrow-bone man at most, would haue  
beene vp, when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray  
thee what aylest thou, thou canst not sleepe? hast thou Thornes  
i'thy eye-lids, or Thistles i'thy bed.

WIN-W. I cannot tell: It seemes you had neither i' your feet;  
that tooke this paine to finde me.

QVAR. No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds o'the City should  
haue drawne after you, by the sent rather, M<sup>r</sup> *John Little wit*! God  
saue you, Sir. 'Twas a hot night with some of vs, last night, *John*:  
shal we pluck a hayre o'the same Wolfe, to day, *Proctor John*?

IOH. Doe you remember Master *Quarulous*, what wee discourst  
on, last night?

QVAR. Not I, *John*: nothing that I eyther discourse or doe,  
at those times I forfeit all to forgetfulnesse.

IOH. No? not concerning *Win*, looke you: there shee is, and  
drest as I told you she should be: harke you Sir, had you forgot?

QVAR. By this head, I'le beware how I keepe you company,  
*John*, when I drunke, and you haue this dangerous memory! that's  
certaine.

IOH. Why Sir?

QVAR. Why? we were all a little stain'd last night, sprinckled  
with a cup or two, and I agreed with *Proctor John* heere, to come  
and doe somewhat with *Win* (I know not what 'twas) to day; and  
he puts mee in minde on't, now; hee sayes hee was comming to  
fetch me: before *Truth*, if you haue that fearefull quality, *John*,  
to remember, when you are sober, *John*, what you promise drunke,  
*John*; I shall take heed of you, *John*. For this once, I am content to  
winke

winke at you, where's your wife? come hither *Win*. (*He kisseth her.*)

*WIN.* Why, *John*! doe you see this, *John*? locke you! helpe me, *John*.

*IOH.* O *Win*, fie, what do you meane, *Win*! Be womanly, *Win*; make an outcry to your mother, *Win*? Master *Quarlous* is an honest Gentleman, and our worshipfull good friend, *Win*: and he is Master *Winwifes* friends, too: And Master *Win-wife* comes a Suitor to your mother *Win*; as I told you before, *Win*, and may perhaps, be our Father, *Win*, they'll do you no harme, *Win*, they are both our worshipfull good friends. Master *Quarlous*! you must know Mr. *Quarlous*, *Win*; you must not quarrell with Master *Quarlous*, *Win*.

*QVAR.* No, wee'll kisse againe and fall in.

*IOH.* Yes, doe good *Win*.

*WIN.* Y'faith you are a foole, *John*.

*IOH.* A Foole-*John* she calls me, doe you marke that, Gentlemen? pretty littlewit of veluct! a foole-*John*!

*QVAR.* She may call you an Apple-*John*, if you vse this.

*WIN-W.* Pray thee forbear, for my respect somewhat.

*QVAR.* Hoy-day! how respectiue you are become o'the sudden! I feare this family will turne you reformed too, pray you come about againe. Because she is in possibility to be your daughter in law, and may aske you blessing hereafter, when she courts it to *Totnam* to eat creame. Well, I will forbear, Sir, but i'faith, would thou wouldst leaue thy exercise of widdow-hunting once! this drawing after an old reuerend Smocke by the splay-foote: There cannot be an ancient *Tripe* or *Trillibub* i'the Towne, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'lt confine thy selfe to, when thou ha'st got one; scrubbing a piece of Buffe, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of *Pannyer-alley* to stinke in; or perhaps, worse, currying a carkasse, that thou hast bound thy selfe to aliuie. I'll besworne, some of them, (that thou art, or hast beene a Suitor to) are so old, as no chaste or marryed pleasure can euer become 'hem: the honest Instrument of procreation, has (forty yeeres since) left to belong to 'hem, thou must visit 'hem, as thou wouldst doe a *Tombe*, with a Torch, or three hand-fulls of Lincke, flaming hot, and so thou maist hap to make 'hem feelee thee, and after, come to inherit according to thy inches. A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be still raking himselfe a fortune in an old womans embers; we shall ha' thee after thou hast beene but a moneth marryed to one of 'hem, looke like the *quartane ague*, and the black *Iaundise* mer in a face, and walke as if thou hadst borrow'd legges of a *Spinner*, and voyce of a *Cricket*. I would endure to heare fiftene Sermons aweeke for her, and such course, and lowd one's, as some of 'hem must be; I would een desire of Fate, I might dwell in a drumme, and take in my sustenance, with an old broken Tobacco-pipe and a Straw. Dost thou euer thinke to

bring thine eares or stomach, to the patience of a drie *grace*, as long as thy Tablecloth? and droan'd out by thy sonne, here, (that might be thy father;) till all the meat o'thy board has forgot, it was that day i'the Kitchin? Or to brooke the noise made, in a question of *Predelination*, by the good labourers and painefull eaters, assembled together, put to 'hem by the Matron, your Spoule; who moderates with a cup of wine, euer and anone, and a Sentence out of *Knox* between? or the perpetuall spitting, before, and after a sober drawne *exhortation* of six houres; whose better part was the *hum-hum*? Or to heare prayers groan'd out, ouer thy iron-chests, as if they were *charmes* to breake 'hem? And all this for the hope of two *Aposlle*-spoones, to suffer! and a cup to eate a cawdle in! For that will be thy legacy. She'll ha' conuey'd her state, safe enough from thee, an' she be a right widdow.

WIN. Alasse, I am quite off that sent now.

QVAR. How so?

WINW. Put off by a *Brother* of *Banbury*, one, that, they say, is come heere, and gouernes all, already.

QVAR. What doe you call him? I knew diuers of those *Banburians* when I was in *Oxford*.

WIN-w. Master *Little-wit* can tell vs.

IOH. Sir! good *Vin*, goe in, and if Master *Bartholmew Cokes*-his man come for the *Licence*:(the little old fellow) let him speake with me; what say you, Gentlemen?

WIN-w. What call you the Reuerend *Elder*? you told me of? your *Banbury*-man.

IOH. *Rabbi Busy*, Sir, he is more then an *Elder*, he is a *Prophet*, Sir.

QVAR. O, I know him! a Baker, is he not?

IOH. Hee was a Baker, Sir, but hee do's drcame now, and see visions, hee has giuen ouer his Trade.

QVAR. I remember that too: out of a scruple hee tooke, that (in spic'd conscience) those Cakes hee made, were seru'd to *Bridales*, *May-poles*, *Morrisses*, and such prophane feasts and meetings; his Christen-name is *Zeale-of-the-land*.

IOH. Yes, Sir, *Zeale-of-the-land Busye*.

WIN-w. How, what a name's there!

IOH. O, they haue all such names, Sir; he was *Witnesse*, for *Win*, here, (they will not be call'd *God-fathers*) and nam'd her *Vvinne-the-fight*, you thought her name had beene *Vvinnifred*, did you not?

WIN-w. I did indeed.

IOH. Hee would ha' thought himselfe a starke Reprobate, if it had.

QVAR. I, for there was a Blew-starch-woman o'the name, at the same time. Anotable hypocritically vermine it is; I know him. One that stands vpon his face, more then his faith, at all times;

Euer



Ever in seditious motion, and reprovng for vaine-glory: of a most *lunatique* conscience, and splene, and affects the violence of *Singularity* in all he do's: (He has vndone a Grocer here, in New-gate-market, that broke with him, trusted him with Currans, as errant a Zeale as he, that's by the way: by his profession, hee will euer be i'the state of Innocence, though; and child-hood; derides all *Antiquity*; defies any other *Learning*, then *Inspiration*; and what discretion soeuer, yeeres should afford him, it is all preuented in his *Originall ignorance*; ha' not to doe with him: for hee is a fellow of a most arrogant, and inuincible dulnesse, I assure you; who is this?

## ACT. I. SCENE. III.

WASPE. IOHN. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS.

BY your leaue, Gentlemen, with all my heart to you: and god you good morrow, Mr *Little-wit*, my businesse is to you. Is this Licence ready?

IOH. Heere, I ha' it for you, in my hand, Master *Humphrey*.

WAS. That's well, nay, neuer open, or read it to me, it's labour in vaine, you know. I am no Clarke, I scorne to be sau'd by my booke, i' faith I'll hang first; fold it vp o' your word and gi' it mee; what must you ha' for't?

IOH. We'll talke of that anon, Master *Humphrey*.

WAS. Now, or not at all, good Mr *Proctor*, I am for no anon's, I assure you.

IOH. Sweet *Vvin*, bid *Salomon* send mee the little blacke boxe within, in my study.

WAS. I, quickly, good Mistresse, I pray you: for I haue both egges o' the Spit, and yron i' the fire, say, what you must haue, good Mr *Little-wit*.

IOH. Why, you know the price, Mr *Numps*.

WAS. I know? I know nothing. I, what tell you mee of knowing? (now I am in hast) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorne to know, and yet, (now I think on't) I will, and do know, as well as another; you must haue a *Marke* for your thing here, and eight pence for the boxe; I could ha' sau'd two pence i' that, an' I had bought it my selfe, but heere's *fourteene shillings* for you. Good Lord! how long your little wife staies! pray God, *Salomon*, your Clerke, be not looking i' the wrong boxe, Mr *Proctor*.

IOH. Good i' faith! no, I warrant you, *Salomon* is wiser then so, Sir.

WAS.

WAS. Fie, fie, fie, by your leaue Master *Little-wit*, this is scurvy, idle, foolish and abominable, with all my heart; I doe not like it.

WIN-W. Doe you heare? Iacke *Little-wit*, what businesse do's thy pretty head thinke, this fellow may haue, that he keepes such a coyle with?

QVAR. More then buying of ginger-bread i'the *Cloyster*, here, (for that wee allow him) or a guilt pouch i'the *Fayre*?

IOH. Master *Quarulous*, doe not mistake him: he is his Masters both-hands, I assure you.

QVAR. What? to pull on his boots, a mornings, or his stockings, do's hee?

IOH. Sir, if you haue a minde to mocke him, mocke him softly, and looke to'ther way: for if hee apprehend you flout him, once, he will flie at you presently. A terrible testie old fellow, and his name is *Wasp* too.

QVAR. Pretty *Insect*! make much on him.

WAS. A plague o'this boxe, and the poxe too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should ha' sought it, sent it, or brought it! doe you see, Sir?

IOH. Nay, good Mr *Wasp*.

WAS. Good Master *Hornet*, turd i' your teeth, hold you your tongue; doe not I know you? your father was a *Pothecary*, and sold glisters, more then hee gaue, I wusse: and turd i' your little wiues teeth too (heere she come) 'twill make her spit as fine as she is, for all her velvet-custerd on her head, Sir.

IOH. O! be ciuill Master *Numpes*.

WAS. Why, say I haue a humour not to be ciuill; how then? who shall compell me? you?

IOH. Here is the boxe, now.

WAS. Why a pox o' your boxe, once againe: let your little wife stale in it, and she will. Sir, I would haue you to vnderstand, and these Gentlemen too, if they please—

WIN-W. With all our hearts. Sir.

WAS. That I haue a charge. Gentlemen.

IOH. They doe apprehend, Sir.

WAS. Pardon me, Sir, neither they nor you, can apprehend mee, yer. (you are an Ass) I haue a young Master, hee is now vpon his making and marring; the whole care of his well doing, is now mine. His foolish scholernasters haue done nothing, but runne vp and downe the Countrey with him, to beg puddings, and cake-bread, of his tennants, and almost spoyled him, he has learn'd nothing, but to sing *catches*, and repeat *rattle bladder rattle*, and O, *Madge*. I dare not let him walke alone, for feare of learning of vile tunes, which hee will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times! if hee meete but a Carman i'the streete, and I finde him not talke to keepe him off on him, hee will whistle him, and all his tunes ouer, at night in his sleepe! he has a head full  
of

of Bees ! I am faine now (for this little time I am absent) to leaue him in charge with a Gentlewoman ; 'Tis true, shee is *A Iustice of Peace* his wife, and a Gentlewoman o'the hood, and his naturall sister : But what may happen, vnder a womans gouernment, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you doe not know him : hee is another manner of peece then you think for ! but nineteen yeere old, and yet hee is taller then either of you, by the head, God blesse him.

QVAR. Well, mee thinkes, this is a fine fellow !

WIN-W. He has made his Master a finer by this description, I should thinke.

QVAR. 'Faith, much about one, it's *croffe* and *pile*, whether for a new farthing.

WAS. I'll tell you Gentlemen---

IOH. Will't please you drinke, Master *Vvaspe*?

WAS. Why, I ha' not talk't so long to bedrie, Sir, you see no dust or cobwebs come out o'my mouth: doe you? you'd ha' me gone, would you?

IOH. No, but you were in haste e'en now, Mr *Numpes*.

WAS. What an' I were? so I am still, and yet I will stay too; meddle you with your match, your *win*, there, shee has as little wit, as her husband it seemes: I haue others to talke to.

IOH. She's my match indeede, and as little wit as I, Good!

WAS. We ha' bin but a day and a halfe in towne, Gentlemen, 'tis true; and yester day i'the afternoone, we walk'd *London*, to shew the City to the Gentlewoman, he shall marry, *Mistresse Grace*; but, afore I will endure such another halfe day, with him, I'll be drawne with a good Gib-cat, through the great pond at home, as his vnclie *Hodge* was! why, we could not meer that *heathen* thing, all day, but stayd him: he would name you all the *Signes* ouer, as hee went, aloud: and where hee spi'd a *Parrat*, or a *Monkey*, there hee was pitch'd, with all the littl-long-coats about him, male and female; no getting him away! I thought he would ha' runne madde o'the blacke boy in *Bucklers-bury*, that takes the scury, rogyu *tobacco*, there.

IOH. You say true, Master *Numpes*: there's such a one indeed.

WAS. It's no matter, whether there be, or no, what's that to you?

QVAR. He will not allow of *Iohn's* reading at any hand;

C

ACT.

## ACT. I. SCENE. V.

COKE S. Mistris OVER-DOO. WASPE. GRACE.

QVARLOVS. WIN-WIFE. JOHN. WIN.

O *Numpes* ! are you here *Numpes* ? looke where I am, *Numpes* ! and Mistris *Grace*, too ! nay, doe not looke angerly, *Numpes* : my Sister is heere, and all, I doe not come without her.

WAS. What, the mischiefe, doe you come with her ? or thee with you ?

COKE. We came all to seeke you, *Numpes*.

WAS. To seeke mee ? why, did you all thinke I was lost ? or runne away with your foureteene shillings worth of small ware, here ? or that I had chang'd it i'the *Fayre*, for hobby-horses ? S'pretious—to seeke me !

OVER. Nay, good M<sup>r</sup> *Numpes*, doe you shew discretion ; though he bee exorbitant, (as M<sup>r</sup> *Ouer-doo* saies,) and't be but for conseruation of the *peace*.

WAS. Mary gip, goody she-*Iustice*, Mistris *French-hood* ! turd i' your teeth ; and turd i' your *French-hoods* teeth, too, to doe you seruice, doe you see ? must you quote your *Adam* to me ! you thinke, you are *Madam Regent* still, Mistris *Ouer-doo* ; when I am in place ? no such matter, I assure you, your *raigne* is out, when I am in, *Dame*.

OVER. I am content to be in *abeyance*, Sir, and be gouern'd by you ; so should hee too, if he did well ; but 'twill be expected, you should also gouerne your passions.

WAS. Will't so forsooth ? good Lord ! how sharpe you are ! with being at *Bet'lem* yesterday ? *Whetston* has set an edge vpon you, has hee ?

OVER. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your dignity : I doe, yet, to mine.

WAS. Very well, then.

COKE. Is this the Licence, *Numpes* ? for Loues sake, let me see't. I neuer saw a Licence.

WAS. Did you not so ? why, you shall not see't, then.

COKE. An' you loue mee, good *Numpes*.

WAS. Sir, I loue you, and yet I doe not loue you, i' these fooleries, set your heart at rest ; there's nothing in't, but hard words : and what would you see't for ?

COKE. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's all ; and I will see't now, so I will.

WAS. You sha' not see it, heere.

COKE. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll looke vpo' the case heere.

WAS. Why, doe so, a man must giue way to him a little in trifles :

rifies: Gentlemen. These are errors, diseases of youth: which he will mend, when he comes to iudgement, and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceiue so, and I thanke you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thanke you againe.

QVAR. Well, this *dry-nurse*, I say still, is a delicate man.

WIN-W. And I am, for the Coffer, his charge! Did you euer see a fellowes face more accuse him for an Ass?

QVAR. Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What pittie 'tis yonder wench should marry such a Cokes?

WIN-W. 'Tis true.

QVAR. Shee seemes to be discrete, and as sober as shee is handsome.

WIN-W. I, and if you marke her, what a restrain'd scorne she casts vpon all his behaiour, and speeches?

COK. Well, *Numps*, I am now for another piece of businesse more, the *Fayre*, *Numps*, and then—

WAS. Blesse me! deliuer me, helpe, hold mee! the *Fayre*!

COK. Nay, neuer fidge vp and downe, *Numps*, and vexe it selfe. I am resolute *Bartholmew*, in this; Il'e make no suite on't to you; 'twas all the end of my iourney, indeed, to shew Mistris *Grace* my *Fayre*: I call't my *Fayre*, becaule of *Bartholmew*: you know my name is *Bartholmew*, and *Bartholmew Fayre*.

IOH. That was mine afore, Gentlemen: this morning, I had that i'faith, vpon his Lidence, belecue me, there he comes, after me.

QVAR. Come, *John*, this ambitious *wit* of yours, (I am afraid) will doe you no good i'the end.

IOH. No? why Sir?

QVAR. You grow so insolent with it, and overdoing, *John*: that if you looke not to it, and tie it vp, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there'twill leaue you.

WIN-W. Doe not trust it too much, *John*, be more sparing, and vse it, but now and then; a *wit* is a dangerous thing, in this age; doe not ouer buy it.

IOH. Thinke you so, Gentlemen? I'll take heed on't, hereafter.

WIN. Yes, doe *John*.

COK. A pretty little soule, this same Mistris *Little-wit*! would I might marry her.

GRA. So would I, or any body else, so I might scape you,

COK. *Numps*, I will see it, *Numps*, 'tis decreed: neuer be melancholy for the matter.

WAS. Why, see it, Sir, see it, doe see it! who hinders you? why doe you not goe see it? 'Slid see it.

COK. The *Fayre*, *Numps*, the *Fayre*.

WAS. Would the *Fayre* and all the Drums, and Rattles in't, were i'your belly for mee: they are already i'your braine: he that had the meanes to trauell you head, now, should meet finer sights then any are i'the *Fayre*; and make a finer voyage on't; to see in

all hung with cockle-shells, pebbles, fine wheat-strawes, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cob-web.

QVAR. Goodfaith, hee lookes, me thinks an' you marke him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his Sir *Cranion*-legs.

WIN-W. And his *Numpes*, to flap 'hem away.

WAS. God, bew'you, Sir, there's your *Bee* in a box, and much good doo't, you.

COK. Why, your friend, and *Bartholmew*; an' you be so contumacious.

QVAR. What meane you, *Numpes*?

WAS. I'll not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

OVER. You will not let him goe, *Brother*, and loose him?

COK. Who can hold that will away? I had rather loose him then the *Fayre*, I wusse.

WAS. You doe not know the inconuenience, Gentlemen, you perswade to: nor what trouble I haue with him in these humours. If he goe to the *Fayre*, he will buy of euery thing, to a *Baby* there; and household-stuffe for that too. If a legge or an arme on him did not grow on, hee would lose it i'the presse. Pray heauen I bring him off with one stone! And then he is such a *Rauener* after fruite! you will not beleecue what a coyle I had, t'other day, to compound a businesse betweene a *Katerne*-peare-woman, and him, about snatching! 'tis intolerable, Gentlemen.

WIN-W. O! but you must not leaue him, now, to these hazards, *Numpes*.

WAS. Nay, hee knowes too well, I will not leaue him, and that makes him presume: well, Sir, will you goe now? if you haue such an itch i'your feete, to foote it to the *Fayre*, why doe you stop, am I your Tarriars? goe, will you goe? Sir, why doe you not goe?

COK. O *Numps*! haue I brought you about? come Mistrisse *Grace*, and Sister, I am resolute *Bast*, i'faith, still.

GRA. Truly, I haue no such fancy to the *Fayre*; nor ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

COK. O Lord, Sir! you shall pardon me, Mistris *Grace*, we are inow of our selues to make it a fashion: and for qualities, let *Numps* alone, he'l finde qualities.

QVAR. What a Rogue in apprehension is this! to vnderstand her language no better.

WIN-W. I, and offer to marry to her? well, I will leaue the chase of my widdow, for to day, and directly to the *Fayre*. These flies cannot, this hot season, but engender vs excellent creeping sport.

QVAR. A man that has but a spoone-full of braine, would think so. Farewell, *John*.

IOH. *Win*, you see, 'tis in fashion, to goe to the *Fayre*, *Win*: we must to the *Fayre* too, you, and I, *Win*. I haue an affaire i'the *Fayre*, *Win*, a Puppet-play of mine owne making, say nothing, that I writ for



for the *motion* man, which you must see, *Win*.

WIN. I would I might *John*, but my mother will neuer consent to such a *prophane motion* ; she will call it.

IOH. Tut, we'll haue a deuice, a dainty one ; (Now, *Wit*, helpe at a pinch, good *Wit* come, come, good *Wit*, and't berthy will.) I haue it, *Win*, I haue it i'faith, and 'tis a fine one. *Win*, long to eate of a Pigge, sweet *Win*, i'the *Fayre* ; doe you see ? i'the heart o'the *Fayre* ; not at *Pye-Corner*. Your mother will doe any thing, *Win*, to satisfie your longing, you know, pray thee long, presently, and be sicke o'the sudden, good *Win*. I'll goe in and tell her, cut thy lace i'the meane time, and play the *Hypocrite*, sweet *Win*.

WIN. No, I'll not make me vnready for it. I can be *Hypocrite* enough, though I were neuer so straight lac'd.

IOH. You say true, you haue bin bred i'the family, and brought vp to't. Our mother is a most elect *Hypocrite*, and has maintain'd us all this seuen yeere with it, like Gentle-folkes.

WIN. I, Let her alone, *John*, she is not a wise wilfull widdow for nothing, nor a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I ha' somewhat o'the mother in me, you shall see, fetch her, fetch her, ah, ah.

## ACT. I. SCENE. VI.

PVRE CRAFT. WIN. IOHN. BVSY.

SALOMON.

NOW, the blaze of the beauteous discipline, fright away this euill from our house ! how now *Win-the-fight*, Child : how do you ? Sweet child, speake to me.

WIN. Yes, forsooth.

PVR. Looke vp, sweet *Win-the-fight*, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this doore, remember that your education has bin with the purest, what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the vn-cleane beast, Pigge, to you, Child ?

WIN. (Vb, vh.)

IOH. Not I, o' my sincerity, mother : she long'd aboue three houres, ere she would let me know it ; who was it *Win* ?

WIN. A prophane blacke thing with a beard, *John*.

PVR. O ! resist it, *Win-the-fight*, it is the Tempter, the wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of Pig, be strong against it, and it's foule temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were, on the weaker side, and pray against it's carnall promocations, good child, sweet child, pray.

IOH. Good mother, I pray you ; that she may eate some Pigge, and her belly full, too ; and doe not you cast away your owne child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the Tempter : how doe you, *Win* ? Are you not sicke ?

WIN. Yes, a great deale, *Iohn*, (vh, vh.)

PVR. What shall we doe ? call our zealous brother *Busy* hither, for his faithfull fortification in this charge of the aduersary ; child, my deare childe, you shall eate Pigge, be comforted, my sweet child.

WIN. I, but i'the *Fayre*, mother.

PVR. I meane i'the *Fayre*, if it can be any way made, or found lawfull ; where is our brother *Busy* ? Will hee not come ? looke vp, child.

IOH. Presently, mother, as soone as he has cleans'd his beard. I found him, fast by the teeth, i'the cold Turkey-pye, i'the cupbord, with a great white loafe on his left hand, and a glasse of *Malmesey* on his right.

PVR. Slander not the *Brethren*, wicked one.

IOH. Here hee is, now, purified, Mother.

PVR. O brother *Busy* ! your helpe heere to edifie, and raise vs vp in a scruple, my daughter *Win-the-fight* is visited with a naturall disease of women ; call'd, A longing to eate Pigge.

IOH. I Sir, a *Bartholmew-pigge* : and in the *Fayre*.

PVR. And I would be satisfied from you, Religiously-wise, whether a widdow of the sanctified assembly, or a widdowes daughter, may commit the act, without offence to the weaker sisters.

Bvs. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnall disease, or appetite, incident to women : and as it is carnall, and incident, it is naturall, very naturall : Now Pigge, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing, and may be long'd for, and so consequently eaten ; it may be eaten, very exceeding well eaten : but in the *Fayre*, and as a *Bartholmew-pig*, it cannot be eaten, for the very calling it a *Bartholmew-pigge*, and to eat it so, is a spice of *Idolatry*, and you make the *Fayre*, no better then one of the high *Places*. This I take it, is the state of the question. A high place.

IOH. I, but in state of necessity : *Place* should giue place, M<sup>r</sup> *Busy*, (I haue a conceit left, yet.)

PVR. Good Brother, *Zeale-of-the-land*, thinke to make it as lawfull as you can.

IOH. Yes Sir, and as soone as you can : for it must be Sir ; you see the danger my little wife is in, Sir.

PVR. Truly, I doe loue my child dearely, and I would not haue her miscarry, or hazard her first fruites, if it might be other-wise.

Bvs. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subiect, to construction, subiect, and hath a face of offence, with the weake, a great face

face, a foule face, but that face may haue a vaile put ouer it, and be shaddowed, as it were, it may be eaten, and in the *Fayre*, I take it, in a Booth, the tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in midst of the prophane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with *sobriety*, and humbleness; not gorg'd in with gluttony, or greediness; there's the feare: for, should she goe there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the vncleane dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or the lust of the palat, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

IOH. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't, but courage, *Win*, we'll be humble enough; we'll seeke out the homeliest Booth i'the *Fayre*, that's certaine, rather then faile, wee'll eate it o' the ground.

PVR. I, and I'll goe with you my selfe, *Win-the-fight*, and my brother, *Zeale-of-the-land*, shall goe with vs too, for our better consolation.

WIN. Vh, vh.

IOH. I, and *Salomon* too, *Win*, (the more the merrier) *Win*, we'll leaue *Rabby Busy* in a Booth. *Salomon*, my cloake.

SAL. Here, Sir.

BVS. In the way of comfort to the weake, I will goe, and eat. I will eate exceedingly, and prophesie; there may be a good vse made of it, too, now I thinke on't: by the publike eating of Swines flesh, to professe our hate, and loathing of *Iudaisme*, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eate, yea, I will eate exceedingly.

IOH. Good, i'faith, I will eate heartily too, because I will be no  *Jew*, I could neuer away with that stiffnecked generation: and truly, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for Pigge so, i'the mothers belly.

BVS. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

ACT.



## ACT. II. SCENE. I

## IUSTICE OVERDOO.



Ell, in Iustice name, and the Kings; and  
 for the common-wealth! desie all the  
 world, *Adam Overdoo*, for a disguise, and  
 all *story*; for thou hast fitted thy selfe,  
 I sweare; faine would I meet the *Linceus*  
 now, that Eagles eye, that peircing *Epi-*  
*daurian* serpent (as my *Quint. Horace* call's  
 him) that could discover a Iustice of  
 Peace, (and lately of the *Quorum*) vnder  
 this couering. They may haue scene ma-  
 ny a foole in the habite of a Iustice; but neuer till now, a Iustice in  
 the habit of a foole. Thus must we doe, though, that wake for  
 the publike good: and thus hath the wise Magistrate done in all  
 ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found.  
 Neuer shall I enough commend a worthy worshipfull man, some-  
 time a capitall member of this City, for his high wisdom, in this  
 point, who would take you, now the habit of a Porter; now of a  
 Carman; now of the Dog-killer, in this moneth of *August*; and in  
 the winter, of a Seller of tinder-boxes; and what would hee doe in  
 all these shapes? mary goe you into euery Alehouse, and down in-  
 to euery Celler; measure the length of puddings, take the gage of  
 blacke pots, and cannes, I, and custards with a sticke; and their  
 circumference, with a thrid; weigh the loaves of bread on his  
 middle finger; then would he send for 'hem, home; giue the pud-  
 dings to the poore, the bread to the hungry, the custards to his  
 children; breake the pots, and burne the cannes, himselfe; hee  
 Would not trust his corrupt officers; he would do't himselfe.  
 would all men in authority would follow this worthy president!  
 For (alas) as we are publike persons, what doe we know? nay,  
 what can wee know? wee heare with other mens eares; wee see  
 with other mens eyes? a foolish Constable, or a sleepey Watch-  
 man,

man, is all our information, he slanders a Gentleman by the vertue of his place, (as he calls it) and wee by the vice of ours, must beleue him. As a while agoe, they made mee, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous Pursuant, for a *Seminary*: and a proper yong Batcheler of Musicke, for a Bawd. This wee are subiect to, that liue in high place, all our intelligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers, knaues: and by your leaue, our selues, thought little better, if not errant fooles, for beleeuing 'hem. I *Adam Overdog*, am resolu'd therefore, to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine owne discoveries. Many are the yeerely enormities of of this *Fayre*, in whose courts of *Pye-pouldres* I haue had the honour during the three dayes sometimes to sit as Iudge. But this is the speciall day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my blacke booke, for the purpose; this the cloud that hides me: vnder this couert I shall see, and not be seene. On *Iunius Brutus*. And as I began, so I'll end: in Iustice name, and the Kings; and for the Common-wealth,

## ACT. II. SCENE. II.

LEATHERHEAD. TRASH. IUSTICE. VRS'LA.

• MOONE-CALFE. NIGHTINGALE.

*Coffermonger. Passengers.*

**T**He *Fayre's* pestilence dead, mee thinkes; people come not abroad, to day, what euer the matter is. Doe you heare, Sister *Trash*, Lady o'the Basket? sit farther with your ginger-bread-progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i'the *Fayre*, what stufte they are made on.

TRA. Why, what stufte are they made on, Brother *Leather-head*? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

LEA. Yes, stale bread, rotten egges, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

IVS. I! haue I met with enormity, so soone?

LEA. I shall marre your market, old *Ione*.

TRA. Marre my market, thou too-proud Pedler? do thy worst; I defie thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost, and thou wrong'st mee for all thou art parcell-poet, and an Inginer. I'll finde a friend shall right me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattell all ouer. Are you puffed vp with the pride of your wares? your *Arsedine*?

LEA. Goe to, old *Ione*, I'll talke with you anone; and take you

D

downe

downe too, afore Iustice *Ouerdoo*, he is the man must charme you, Ile ha' you i' the *Piepouldres*.

TRA. Charme me? I'll meet thee face to face, afore his worship, when thou dar'st: and though I be a little crooked o' my body, I'll be found as vpright in my dealing, as any woman in *Smithfield*, I, charme me?

IVS. I am glad, to heare, my name is their terror, yet, this is doing of Iustice.

LEA. What doe you lacke? what is't you buy? what do you lacke? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horses, Babies o' the best? Fiddles o'th finest?

[Enter Cost.

COS. Buy any peares, peares, fine, very fine peares.

TRA. Buy any ginger-bread, guilt ginger-bread!

NIG. Hey, now the *Fayre's* a filling!

O, for a Tune to startle

The Birds o' the Booths here billing;

Tecrely with old Saint Barthle!

The Drunkards they are wading,

The Punques, and Chapmen trading;

Who'd see the *Fayre* without his lading? Buy any ballads;

new ballads?

VRs. Eye vpon't: who would weare out their youth, and prime thus, in roasting of pigges, that had any cooler vocation? Hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a very fine vault, o' my conscience! what *Moon-casse*,

MOO. Heere, Mistresse!

NIG. How now *Vr's*? in a heate, in a heat?

VRs. My chayre, you false faucet you; and my mornings draught, quickly, a bottle of Ale, to quench mee, Rascall. I am all fire, and fat, *Nightingale*, I shall e'en melt away to the first woman, a ribbe againe, I am afraid. I doe water the ground in knots, as I goe, like a great Garden-pot, you may follow me by the S.S. I make.

NIG. Alas, good *Vr's*; was *Zekiel* heere this morning?

VRs. *Zekiel*? what *Zekiel*?

NIG. *Zekiel Edgeworth*, the ciuill cut-purse, you know him well enough; hee that talkes bawdy to you still: I call him my Secretary.

VRs. He promis'd to be heere this morning, I remember.

NIG. When he comes, bid him stay: I'll be backe againe presently.

VRs. Best take your mornings dew in your belly, *Nightingale*, come, Sir, set it heere, did not I bid you should get this chayre let out o'the sides, for me, that my hips might play? you'll neuer thinke of any thing, till your dame be rumpgall'd; 'tis well, Changeling: because it can take in your *Grasse-hoppers* thighes, you care for no more. Now, you looke as you had been i' the cor-

ner

*Moon-casse  
brings in the  
Chaire.*



ner o'the Booth, fleaing your breech, with a candles end, and set fire o'the *Fayre*. Fill, *Stote*: fill,

I v s. This Pig-woman doe I know, and I will put her in, for my second enormity, shee hath beene before mee, *Punkte*, *Pinnace* and *Bawd*, any time these two and twenty yeeres, vpon record i'the *Pie-poudres*.

Vrs. Fill againe, you vn lucky vermine.

MOO. 'Pray you be not angry, Mistresse, I'll ha' it widen'd anone.

Vrs. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the *Fayre* be done, you thinke, now you ha' heated me? A poore vex'd thing I am, I feele my selfe dropping already, as fast as I can: two stone a fewet aday is my proportion: I can but hold life & soule together, with this (heere's to you, *Nightingale*) and a whiffe of tobacco, at most. Where's my pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant *Incubee*.

NIG. Nay, *Vrs*!s, thoult gall betweene the tongue and the teeth, with fretting, now.

Vrs. How can I hope, that euer hee'll discharge his place of trust, Tapster, a man of reckoning vnder me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but looke too't, sirrah, you were best, three pence a pipe full, I will ha' made, of all my whole haife pound of tobacco, and a quarter of a pound of *Colesfoot*, mixt with it too, to itch it out. I that haue dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoak, now. Then 6. and 20. shillings a barrell I will aduance o'my Beere; and fifty shillings a hundred o'my bottle-ale, I ha' told you the waies how to raise it. Froth your cannes well i'the filling, at length Rogue, and iogge your bottles o'the buttocke, Sirrah, then skinke out the first glasse, euer, and drinke with all companies, though you be sure to be drunke; you'll mis-reckon the better, and be lesse asham'd on't. But your true trick, *Rascall*, must be, to be euer busie, and mis-take away the bottles and cannes, in hast, before they be halfe drunke off, and neuer heare any body call, (if they should chance to marke you) till you ha' brought fresh, and be able to forswear 'hem. Giue me a drinke of Ale.

I v s. This is the very *wombe*, and *bedde* of enormitie! grosse, as her selfe! this must all downe for enormity, all, euery whit on't.

Vrs. Looke, who's there, Sirrah? five shillings a Pigge is my price, at least; if it be a sow-pig, six pence more: if she be a great bellied wife, and long for't, six pence more for that.

I v s. *O Tempora! O mores!* I would not ha' lost my discouery of this one grievance, for my place, and worship o'the *Bench*, how is the poore subiect abus'd, here! well, I will fall in with her, and with her *Moone-salse*, and winne out wonders of enormity. By thy leaue, goodly woman, and the farnessc of the *Fayre*: oily as the Kings constables Lampe, and shining as his Shooing-horne! hath thy Ale vertue, or thy Beere strength? that the tongue of man may be tickled? and his palat pleas'd in the morning? let thy

thy pretty Nephew here, goe search and see.

VRS. What new Roarer is this?

MOO. O Lord! doe you not know him, Mistris, 'tis mad *Arthur* of *Bradley*, that makes the Orations. Braue Master, old *Arthur* of *Bradley*, how doe you? welcome to the *Fayre*, when shall wee heare you againe, to handle your matters? with your backe againe a Booth, ha? I ha' bin one o' your little disciples, i' my dayes!

IVS. Let me drinke, boy, with my loue, thy Aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foule on the *Fayre*.

VRS. Why dost thou not fetch him drinke? and offer him to sit?

MOO. Is't Ale, or Beere? Master *Arthur*?

IVS. Thy best, pretty stripling, thy best; the same thy Doue drinketh, and thou drawest on holy daies.

VRS. Bring him a fixe penny bottle of Ale; they say, a fooles handsell is lucky.

IVS. Bring both, child. Ale for *Arthur*, and Beere for *Bradley*. Ale for thine Aunt, boy. My disguise takes to the very wish, and reach of it. I shall by the benefit of this, discouer enough, and more: and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be. A certaine midling thing, betweene a foole and a madman;

## ACT. II. SCENE. III.

KNOCKVM. { to them.

**W**Hat! my little leane *Vrs*! my shee-Beare! art thou aline yet? with thy litter of pigges, to grunt out another *Bartholmew Fayre*? ha!

VRS. Yes, and to amble afoote, when the *Fayre* is done, to heare you groane out of a cart, vp the heauy hill.

KNO. Of Holbourne, *Vrs*, meanst thou so? for what? for what, pretty *Vrs*?

VRS. For cutting halfe-penny purses: or stealing little penny dogges, out o' the *Fayre*.

KNO. O! good words, good words *Vrs*.

IVS. Another speciall enormitie. A cutpurse of the sword! the boote, and the feather! those are his marks.

VRS. You are one of those horfleaches, that gaue out I was dead, in Turne-bull streete, of a surfet of bottle ale, and tripes?

KNO. No, 'twas better meat *Vrs*: cowes vdders, cowes vdders!

VRS.

VRs. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth one day.

KNO. What? thou'lt poyson mee with a newt in a bottle of Ale, will't thou? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe, *Vrs*? Come, there's no malice in these fat folkes, I neuer feare thee, and I can scape thy leane *Moonecalfe* heere. Let's drinke it out, good *Vrs*, and no vapours!

IVs. Dost thou heare, boy? (there's for thy Ale, and the remnant for thee) speake in thy faith of a faucet, now; is this goodly person before vs here, this vapours, a knight of the knife?

MOO. What meane you by that, Master *Arthur*?

IVs. I meane a child of the horne-thumb, a babe of booty, boy; a cutpurse.

MOO. O Lord, Sir! far from it. This is Master *Dan. Knock-bum*: *Iordane* the Ranger of Turnebull. He is a horse-courser, Sir.

IVs. Thy dainty dame, though, call'd him cutpurse.

MOO. Like enough, Sir, shee'll doe forty such things in an houre (an you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her i'the greasie kerchiefe: it makes her fat you see. Shee battens with it.

IVs. Here might I ha' beene deceiu'd, now: and ha' put a fooles blot vpon my selfe, if I had not play'd an after game o' discretion.

KNO. Alas poore *Vrs*, this's an ill season for thee.

VRs. Hang your selfe, *Hacney-man*.

KNO. How? how? *Vrs*, vapours! motion breede vapours?

VRs. Vapours? Neuer tuske, nor twirle your dibble, good *Iordane*, I know what you'll take to a very drop. Though you be Captaine o'the Roarers, and fight well at the case of pis-pots, you shall not fright me with your Lyon-chap, Sir, nor your tuskes, you angry? you are hungry: come, a pigs head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomacke, at all times.

KNO. Thou art such another mad merry *Vrs* still! Troth I doe make conscience of vexing thee, now i'the dog-daies, this hot weather, for feare of foundring thee i'the bodie; and melting down a *Piller* of the *Fayre*. Pray thee take thy chayre againe, and keepe state; and let's haue a fresh bottle of Ale, and a pipe of tabacco; and no vapours. I'll ha' this belly o'thine taken vp, and thy grasse scour'd, wench; looke! heere's *Ezechiel Edgworth*; a fine boy of his inches, as any is i'the *Fayre*! has still money in his purse, and will pay all, with a kind heart; and good vapours.

*Vrs* comes  
in againe  
dropping.

ACT.

## ACT. II. SCENE. III.

To them EDGVVORTH. NIGHTINGALE.

*Corne-cutter. Tinder-box-man. Passengers.*

**T**Hat I will, indeede, willingly, Master *Knockhum*, fetch some Ale, and Tabacco.

**LEA.** What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? Maid: see a fine hobby horse for your young Master: cost you but a token a weeke his prouander.

**COR.** Ha' you any cornes 'i your feete, and toes?

**TIN.** Buy a Mouse-trap, a Mouse-trap, or a Tormentor for a Flea.

**TRA.** Buy some Ginger-bread.

**NIG.** Ballads, Ballads! fine new ballads:

*Heare for your loue, and buy for your money.*

*A delicate ballad o' the Ferret and the Coney.*

*A preseruatiue again' the Punques euill.*

*Another of Goose-greene-starch, and the Deuill.*

*A dozen of diuine points, and the Godly garters.*

*The Fairing of good counsell, of an ell and thre quarters.* What is't you buy?

*The Wind-mill blowne downe by the witches fart!*

*Or Saint George, that O! did breake the Dragons heart!*

**EDG.** Master *Nightingale*, come hither, leaue your mart a little.

**NIG.** O my Secretary! what sayes my Secretarie?

**Ivs.** Childe o' the bottles, what's he? what he?

**MOO.** A ciuill young Gentleman, Master *Arthur*, that keepe company with the Roarers, and disburfes all, still. He has euer money in his purse; He payes for them; and they roare for him: one do's good offices for another. They call him the Secretary, but he serues no body. A great friend of the Ballad-mans they are neuer asunder.

**Ivs.** What pittie 'tis, so ciuill a young man should haunt this debauched company? here's the bane of the youth of our time apparant. A proper penman, I see't in his countenance, he has a good Clerks looke with him, and I warrant him a quicke hand.

**MOO.** A very quicke hand, Sir.

**EDG.** All the purses, and purchase, I giue you to day by conueyance

ueyance, bring hither to *Vrsla's* presently. Heere we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Looke you choose good places, for your standing i'the *Fayre*, when you sing, *Nightingale*.

VRS. I, neere the fullest passages; and shift hem often.

EDG. And i' your singing, you must vse your hawkseye nimbly, and flye the purse to a marke, still, where 'tis worne, and o' which side; that you may gi' me the signe with your beake, or hang your head that way i'the tune.

VRS. Enough, talke no more on't: your friendship (Masters) is not now to beginne. Drinke your draught of Indenture, your sup of Couenant, and away, the *Fayre* fils apace, company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a Pigge ready, yet.

KNO. Well said! fill the cups, and light the tabacco: let's giue fire i'th' works, and noble vapours.

EDG. And shall we ha' smockes *Vrsla*, and good whimsies, ha?

VRS. Come, you are i' your bawdy vaine! the best the *Fayre* will afford, *Zekiel*, if Bawd *Whit* keepe his word; how doe the Piggess, *Moone-calse*?

MOO. Very passionate, Mistresse, one on' hem has wept out an eye. Master *Arthur O'Bradley*; is melancholy, heere, nobody talks to him. Will you any tabacco Master *Arthur*?

IVS. No, boy, let my meditations alone.

MOO. He's studying for an Oration, now.

IVS. If I can, with this daies trauell, and all my policy, but rescue this youth, here, out of the hands of the lewd man, and the strange woman. I will sit downe at night, and say with my friend *Ouid*, *Iamq; opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis, &c.*

KNO. Here *Zekiel*; here's a health to *Vrsla*, and a kind vapour, thou hast money i'thy purse still; and store! how dost thou come by it? Pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour.

EDG. Halfe I haue, Master *Dan. Knockhum*, is alwaies at your seruice,

IVS. Ha, sweete nature! what Goshawke would prey vpon such a Lambe?

KNO. Let's see, what 'tis, *Zekiel*! count it, come, fill him to pledge mee.

*This they  
whisper, that  
Ouerdoo  
heares it not.*

ACT.

## ACT II. SCENE. V.

WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS. { to them.

VV<sup>E</sup> are heere before 'hem, me thinks.

QVAR. All the better, we shall see 'hem come in now.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen, what is't you lacke? a fine Horse? a Lyon? a Bull? a Beare? a Dog, or a Cat? an excellent fine *Bartholmew*-bird? or an Instrument? what is't you lacke?QVAR. S'lid! heere's *Orpheus* among the beasts, with his Fiddle, and all!

TRA. Will you buy any comfortable bread, Gentlemen?

QVAR. And *Ceres* selling her daughters picture, in Gingerworke!

WIN. That these people should be so ignorant to thinke vs chapmen for 'hem! doe wee looke as if wee would buy Gingerbread? or Hobby-horses?

QVAR. Why, they know no better ware then they haue, nor better customers then come. And our very being here makes vs fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would *Cokes* would come! there were a true customer for 'hem.KNO. How much is't? thirty shillings? who's yonder! *Ned Winwife*? and *Tom Quarlous*, I thinke! yes, (gi' me it all) (gi' me it all) Master *Win-wife*! Master *Quarlous*! will you take a pipe of tabacco with vs? do not discredit me now, *Zekiel*.

WIN. Doe not see him! he is the roaring horse-courser, pray thee let's auoyd him: turne downe this way.

QVAR. S'lud, I'll see him, and roare with him, too, and hee roat'd as loud as *Neptune*, pray thee goe with me.

WIN. You may draw me to as likely an inconuenience, when you please, as this.

QVAR. Goe to then, come along, we ha' nothing to doe, man, but to see fights, now.

KNO. Welcome Master *Quarlous*, and Master *Winwife*! will you take any froth, and smoake with vs?

QVAR. Yes, Sir, but you'l pardon vs, if we knew not of so much familiarity betweene vs afore.

KNO. As what, Sir?

QVAR. To be so lightly invited to smoake, and froth.

KNO. A good vapour! will you sit downe, Sir? this is old

*Vrsla's*



*Vrs.* mansion, how like you her bower? heere you may ha' your Punque, and your Pigge in state, Sir, both piping hot.

*QVAR.* I had rather ha' my Punque, cold, Sir.

*Ivs.* There's for me, Punque! and Pigge!

*Vrs.* What *Moonecalse*? you Rogue.

*MOO.* By and by, the bottle is almost off Mistrresse, here Master *Arthur*.

*Vrs.* I'le part you, and your play-fellow there, i'the garded coat, an' you sunder not the sooner.

*KNO.* Master *Win wife*, you are proud (me thinkes) you doe not talke, nor drinke, are you proud?

*WIN.* Not of the company I am in, Sir, nor the place, I assure you.

*KNO.* You doe not except at the company! doe you? are you in vapours, Sir?

*MOO.* Nay, good Master *Dan: Knockhum*, respect my Mistris Bowes, as you call it; for the honour of our Booth, none o' your vapours, heere.

*Vrs.* Why, you thinne leane Polcat you, and they haue a minde to be i'their vapours, must you hinder hem? what did you know Vermine, if they would ha' lost a cloake, or such a trifle? must you be drawing the ayre of pacification heere? while I am tormented, within, i'the fire, you Weasell?

*MOO.* Good Mistrresse, 'twas in the behalfe of your Booth's credit, that I spoke.

*Vrs.* Why? would my Booth ha' broake, if they had sal'ne out in't? Sir? or would their heate ha' fir'd it? in, you Rogue, and wipe the pigges, and mend the fire, that they fall not, or I'le both baste and roast you, till your eyes drop out, like hem. (Leaue the bottle behinde you, and be curst a while.)

*QVAR.* Body o'the *Fayre*! what's this? mother o'the Bawds?

*KNO.* No, she's mother o'the Pigs, Sir, mother o'the Pigs!

*WIN.* Mother o'the *Furies*, I thinke, by her firebrand,

*QVAR.* Nay, shee is too fat to be a *Fury*, sure, some walking Sow of fallow!

*WIN.* An inspir'd vessell of Kitchin-stuffe!

*QVAR.* She'll make excellent geere for the Coach-makers, here in Smithfield, to anoynt wheelles and axell trees with.

*Vrs.* I, I, Gamesters, mocke a plaine plumpe soft wench o'the Suburbs, doe, because she's juicy and wholesome: you must ha' your thinne pinch'd ware, pent vp i'the compasse of a dogge-collar, (or 'twill not do) that looks like a long lac'd *Conger*, set vp-right, and a greene feather, like fennell i'the loll on't.

*KNO.* Well said *Vrs.*, my good *Vrs.*, to hem *Vrs.*

*QVAR.* Is shee your quagmire, *Dan: Knockhum*? is this your Bogge?

*NIG.* We shall haue a quarrel presently.

E

KNO.

*She calls  
within.*

*She comes  
out with a  
fire-brand.*

*She drinks  
this while.*

KNO. How? Bog? Quagmire? foule vapours! hum'h!

QVAR. Yes, hee that would venture for't, I assure him, might sinke into her, and be drown'd a weeke, ere any friend hee had, could find where he were.

WIN. And then he would be a fort'night weighing vp againe.

QVAR. 'Twere like falling into a whole *Shire* of butter: they had need be a teeme of *Dutchmen*, should draw him out.

KNO. Answer 'hem, *Vrs*, where's thy *Bartholmew-wit*, now? *Vrs*, thy *Bartholmew-wit*?

VRS. Hang 'hem, rotten, roguy Cheaters, I hope to see 'hem plagu'd one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with leane play-house poultry, that has the boany rumpe, sticking out like the Ace of Spades, or the point of a Partizan, that euery rib of 'hem is like the tooth of a Saw: and will so grate 'hem with their hips, & shoulders, as (take 'hem altogether) they were as good lye with a hurdle.

QVAR. Out vpon her, how she drips! she's able to giue a man the sweating Sicknesse, with looking on her.

VRS. Mary looke off, with a patch o' your face; and a dosen i' your breech, though they be o' scarlet, Sir. I ha' seene as fine out-fides, as either o' yours, bring lowfie linings to the Brokers, ere now, twice a weeke?

QVAR. Doe you thinke there may be a fine new Cuckingstoole i' the *Fayre*, to be purchas'd? one large inough, I meane. I know there is a pond of capacity, for her.

VRS. For your mother, you Rascall, out you Rogue, you hedge bird, you Pimpe, you pannier-mans bastard, you.

QVAR. Ha, ha, ha.

VRS. Doe you sneerc, you dogs-head, you *Trendle taylor*! you looke as you were begotten a' top of a Cart in haruest-time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuffe after your brothers bitch, M<sup>r</sup> *Commodity*, that's the Liubry you weare, 'twill be out at the elbows, shortly. It's time you went to't, for the to'ther remnant.

KNO. Peace, *Vrs*, peace, *Vrs*, they'll kill the poore Whale, and make oyle of her. Pray thee goe in.

VRS. I'll see 'hem pox'd first, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

WIN. Let's away, her language growes greasier then her Pigs.

VRS. Dos't so, snotty nose? good Lord! are you snuelling? you were engendred on a she-begger, in a barne, when the bald Thrasher, your Sife, was scarce warme.

WIN. Pray thee, let's goe.

QVAR. No, faith: I'll stay the end of her, now; I know shee cannot last long; I finde by her *smiles*, shee wanes a pace.

VRS. Do's shee so? I'll set you gone. Gi' mee my Pig-pan hither a little. I'll scald you hence, and you will not goe.

KNO. Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours! and very idle vapours! I assure you.

QVAR. You are a very serious asse, wee assure you.

KNO.

KNO. Humh ! Asser and serious ? nay, then pardon mee my vapour. I haue a foolish vapour, Gentlemen : any man that doe's vapour me, the Asser, Master *Quarulous*—

QVAR. What then, Master *Jordan* ?

KNO. I doe vapour him the lye.

QVAR. Faith, and to any man that vapours mee the lie, I doe vapour that.

KNO. Nay, then, vapours vpon vapours.

EDG. NIG. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan; shee comes with the pan, Gentlemen. God blesse the woman.

VRS. Oh.

ERA. What's the matter ?

Ivs. Goodly woman !

MOO. Mistresse !

VRS. Curse of hell, that euer I saw these Feinds, oh ! I ha' scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg. I ha' lost a limb in the seruice ! run for some creame and sallad oyle, quickly. Are you vnder-peeking, you Baboun ? rip off my hose, an' you be men, men, men.

MOO. Runne you for some creame, good mother *Jone*. I'll looke to your basket.

LEA. Best sit vp i' your chaire, *Vrsula*, Helpe, Gentlemen.

KNO. Be of good cheere, *Vrs*, thou hast hindred me the currying of a couple of Stallions, here, that abus'd the good race-*Bard* of Smithfield ; 'twas time for 'hem to goe.

NIG. I saith, when the panne came, they had made you runne else. (this had beene a fine time for purchase, if you had ventur'd.)

EDG. Not a whit, these fellowes were too fine to carry money.

KNO. *Nightingale*, get some helpe to carry her legge out o' the ayre ; take off her shooes ; body o' me, she has the Mallanders, the scratches, the crowne scabbe, and the quitter bone, i' the tother legge.

VRS. Oh ! the poxe, why doe you put me in minde o' my leg, thus, to make it prick, and shoot ? would you ha' me i' the Hospitall, afore my time ?

KNO. Patience, *Vrs*, take a good heart, 'tis but a blister, as big as a Windgall ; I'll take it away with the white of an egge, a little honey, and hog's grease, ha' thy pasternes well rol'd, and thou shall't pase againe by to morrow. I'll tend thy Booth, and looke to thy affaires, the while : thou shalt sit i' thy chaire, and giue directions, and shine *Vrsula maior*. *Shee haule orth*

*Vrsula comes in, with the scalding-pan. They fight. Shee falls with it.*

## ACT. II. SCENE. VI.

IVSTICE. EDGEWORTH. NIGHTINGALE. COKE. WASPE. Mistris OVERDOO. GRACE.

THESE are the fruites of bottle-ale, and tabacco! the some of the one, and the fumes of the other! Stay young man, and despise not the wisdom of these few hayres, that are growne gray in care of thee.

EDG. *Nightingale*, stay a little. Indeece I'le heare some of this!

COK. Come, *Numps*, come, where are you? welcome into the *Fayre*, Mistris *Grace*.

EDG. S'light, hee will call company, you shall see, and put vs into doings presently.

IVS. Thirst not after that frothy liquor, Ale: for, who knowes, when hee openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle? hath not a Snail, a Spider, yea, a Newt bin found there? thirst not after it, youth: thirst not after it.

COK. This is a braue fellow, *Numps*, let's heare him.

WAS. S'blood, how braue is he? in a garded coate? you were best trucke with him, e'en strip, and trucke presently, it will become you why will you heare him, because he is an Asse, and may be a kinnie to the *Cokeses*?

COK. O, good *Numps*!

IVS. Neither doe thou lust after that tawney weede, tabacco.

COK. Braue word!

IVS. Whose complexion is like the Indians that vents it!

COK. Are they not braue words, Sister?

IVS. And who can tell, if, before the gathering, and making vp thereof, the *Allegarsa* hath not piss'd thereon?

WAS. Heere let hem be braue words, as braue as they will? and they were all the braue words in a Countrey, how then? will you away yet? ha you inough on him? Mistris *Grace*, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessory. If you doe lose your Licence, or somewhat else, Sir, with listning to his fables: say, *Numps*, is a witch, with all my heart, doe, say so.

COK. Avoyd i' your sattin doublet, *Numps*.

IVS. The creeping venome of which subtil serpent, as some

TOA

25

late

late writers affirme; neither the cutting of the perrillous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting, or burning, can any way perswade or, as I say.

COK. Good, i' faith! is't not Sister?

IVS. Hence it is, that the lungs of the Tabacconist are rotted, the Liuer spotted, the braine smoak'd like the backside of the Pig-womans Booth, here, and the whole body within, blacke, as her Pan, you saw e'en now, without.

COK. A fine similitude, that, Sir! did you see the panne?

EDG. Yes, Sir.

IVS. Nay, the hole in the nose heere, of some tabacco-takers, or the third nostrill, (if I may so call it) which makes, that they can vent the tabacco out, like the Ace of clubs, or rather the Flower-de-luce, is caused from the tabacco, the meere tabacco! when the poore innocent pox, hauing nothing to doe there, is miserably, and most vnconscionably slander'd.

COK. Who would ha' mist this, Sister?

OVER. Not any body, but *Numps*.

COK. He do's not vnderstand.

EDG. Nor you feele.

COK. What would you haue, Sister, of a fellow that knowes nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old Fox in't? the best musique i' the *Fayre*, will not moue a logge.

*Hee picketh  
his purse.*

EDG. In, to *Prisla*, *Nightingale*, and carry her comfort: see it told. This fellow was sent to vs by fortune, for our first fairing.

IVS. But what speake I of the diseases of the body, children of the *Fayre*?

COK. That's to vs, Sister. Braue i' faith!

IVS. Harke, O, you sonnes and daughters of Smithfield! and heare what mallady it doth the minde: It causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling, and snarling, and now and then a hurt.

OVE. He hath something of Master *Querdo*, mee thinks; brother.

COK. So mee thought, Sister, very much of my brother *Quer-doo*: And 'tis, when he speaks.

IVS. Looke into any Angle o' the towne, (the *Streights*, or the *Bermudas*) where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how doe they entertaine the time, but with bottle-ale, and tabacco: The Lecturer is o' one side, and his Pupils o' the other; But the seconds are still bottle-ale, and tabacco, for which the Lecturer reads, and the Nouices pay. Thirty pound a weeke in bottle-ale, forty in tabacco! and ten more in Ale againe, Then for a fute tol drinke in, so much, and (that being slauer'd) so much for another. fine, and then a third fute, and a fourth fute! and still the bottle-ale sweareth, and the tabacco stinketh!

WAS. Heart of a mad-man! are you rotted heere? well you neuer

neuer away? what can any man finde out in this bawling fellow, to grow heere for? hee is a full handfull higher, sin' he heard him, will you fix heere? and set vp a Booth? Sir?

IVS. I will conclude briefly—

WAS. Hold your peace, you roaring Rascall, I'll runne my head i' your chaps else. You were best build a Booth, and entertaine him, make your VVill, and you say the word, and him your heyre! heart, I neuer knew one taken with a mouth of a pecke, afore. By this light, I'll carry you away o' my backe, and you will not come.

*Heggers  
up on pick-  
packe.*

COK. Stay *Numps*, stay, set mee downe: I ha' lost my purse, *Numps*, O my purse! one o' my fine purses is gone.

OVER. Is't indeed, brother?

COK. I, as I am an honest man, would I were an errant Rogue, else! a plague of all roguy, damn'd cut-purses for me.

WAS. Blesse 'hem with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! Now, as I am no Infidell, that I know of, I am glad on't. I am, (here's my witnesse!) doe you see, Sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I? no, no, I am a dull malt-horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not iustly seru'd i' your conscience now? speake i' your conscience. Much good doe you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart againe.

EDG. This fellow is very charitable, would he had a purse too! but, I must not be too bold, all at a time.

COK. Nay, *Numps*, it is not my best purse.

WAS. Not your best! death! why should it be your worst? why should it be any, indeed, at all? answer me to that, gi' mee a reason from you, why it should be any?

COK. Nor my gold, *Numps*; I ha' that yet, looke heere else, Sister.

WAS. Why so, there's all the feeling he has!

OVER. I pray you, haue a better care of that, brother.

COK. Nay, so I will, I warrant you; let him catch this, that catch can. I would faine see him get this, looke you heere.

WAS. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so! Very good.

COK. I would ha' him come againe, now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good iest? I will put it iust where th'other was, and if we ha' good lucke, you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cutpurse, nibbling.

EDG. Faith, and he'll trye ere you be out o' the *Fayre*.

COK. Come, Mistresse *Grace*, pre'thee be not melancholy for my mis-chance; sorrow wi' not keepe it, Sweet heart.

GRA. I doe not thinke on't, Sir.

COOK. 'Twas but a little scuruy white money, hang it: it may hang the cutpurse, one day. I ha' gold left to gi' thee a fayring, yet, as hard as the world goes: nothing angers me, but that no body heere, look'd like a cutpurse, vnlesse 'twere *Numps*.

WAS.



WAS How? I? I looke like a cutpurse? death! your Sister's a cutpurse! and your mother and father, and all your kinne were cutpurses! And here is a Rogue is the baud o' the cutpurses, whom I will beat to begin with.

COK. *Numps, Numps.*

OVER. Good M<sup>r</sup> *Humphrey.*

WAS. You are the *Patrico!* are you? the Patriarch of the cutpurses? you share, Sir, they say, let them share this with you. Are you i' your hot fit of preaching againe? I'll coole you.

Ivs. Murther, murther, murther.

Ivs. Hold thy hand, childe of wrath, and heyre of anger, make it not Childermasse day in thy fury, or the feast of the French *Bartholmew*; Parent of the Massacre.

*They speake  
all together:  
and Waspe  
beats the  
Iustice.*



## ACT. III. SCENE. I.

WHIT. HAGGISE. BRISTLE. LEATHER-  
HEAD. TRASH.



Ay, tish all gone, now t dish tish, phen  
toust vilt not be phitin call, Master Off-  
fher, phat isfr a man te better to lishen  
out noyshes for tee, & tou art in an oder  
ord, being vety. shuffisient noyshes  
and gallantsh too, one o' their brabblesh  
woud have sed vsh all dish for night, but  
tou art so bushy about beggerish stil, tou  
hast no leshure to intend shentlemen,  
and tbe. MOOM. M V H

HAG. Why, I told you, *Dany Bristle.*

BRI. Come, come, you told mee a pudding, *Toby Haggise*; A  
matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing! you said, let's  
goe to *Frsla's*, indeede; but then you met the man with the mon-  
sters,

sters, and I could not get you from him. An old foole, not leaue seeing yet?

HAG. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha' quarrell'd so earely? or that the ale o'the *Fayre* would ha' beene vp so soone.

WHI. Phy? phat a clocke toest tou tinke it ish, man?

HAG. I cannot tell.

WHI. Tou art a vishe vatchman, i'te meane teeme.

HAG. Why? should the watch goe by the clocke, or the clock by the watch, I pray?

BRI. One should goe by another, if they did well.

WHI. Tou art right now! phen didst thou ever know, or heare of a shuffisient vatchman, but he did tell the clocke, phat busshness he had?

BRI. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knowes what a clocke it is.

WHI. Shleeping, or vaking! ash well as te clocke himshelfe, or te lack-dat strikes him!

BRI. Let's enquire of Master Leatherhead, or Ione Trass heere. Master Leatherhead, doe you heare, Master Leatherhead?

WHI. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho must noish will not peirsh him.

LEA. I haue a little busshesse now, good friends doe not trouble me.

WHI. Phat? because o'ty wrought neet cap, and ty pheluet sherkin, Man? phy? I haue sheene tee in ty Ledder sherkin, ere now, Mashter de hobby-Horfes, as busshy and as statly as tou sheem't to be.

TRA. Why, what an' you haue, Capitaine *Whit*? hee has his choyce of Ierkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when hee pleases to be either sicke, or imploy'd.

LEA. God a mercy *Ione*, answer for me.

WHI. Away, be not sheen i' my company, here be shentlemen, and men of vorship.

### ACT. III. SCENE. II.

QVARLOVS. WHIT. WINNYFEE. BVAFF.  
IOHN. PVRE-CRAFT. WEN. KNOCK.  
HVM. MOON-CALFE. VRSLA.

VV Ee had wonderfull ill lucke, to misse this prologue o'the purse, but the best is, we shall haue huc *Act.* of him ere night: hee'll be spectacle enough! I'll answer for t.

WHI.

WHI. O Creeth! Duke *Quarlous*, how dost thou? thou dost not know me, I feare? I am the viſeſt man, but luſtish *Ouerdoe*, in all *Bartholomew Fayre*, now. Gi' me tweluepence from thee, I will help thee to a wife worth forty marks for't, and't be.

QVAR. Away, Rogue, Pimpe away.

WHI. And thee shall shew thee as fine cut o'rke fort't in her ſmock too, as thou canst viſe i' faith; wilt thou haue her, vorthſhipfull *Fin wife*? I will helpe thee to her, heere, be an't be, in the pig-quarter, gi' me ty tweluepence from thee.

WIN-W. Why, there's tweluepence, pray thee wilt thou be gone.

WHI. Thou art a vorthy man, and a vorthſhipfull man ſtill.

QVAR. Get you gone, Rascall.

WHI. I doe meane it, man. Prinſh *Quarlous* if thou haſt need on me, thou shalt finde me heere, at *Prſla's*, I will ſee phat ale, and punque iſh i' the pigſtrey, for thee, bleſſe ty good vorthſhip.

QVAR. Locke! who comes heere! *John Little-wit*!

WIN-W. And his wife, and my widdow, her mother: the whole family.

QVAR. Slight, you muſt gi' hem all fairings, now!

WIN-W. Not I, I'll not ſee hem,

QVAR. They are going a feaſting. What Schole-maſter's that is, with hem?

WIN-W. That's my Riual, I beleecue, the Baker!

BVS. So, walke on in the middle way, fore-right, turne neyther to the right hand, nor to the left: let not your eyes be drawne aſide with vanity, nor your eare with noyſes.

QVAR. O, I know him by that ſtart!

LEA. What do you lack? what do you buy, pretty Miſtriſſe: a fine Hobby-Horſe, to make your ſonne a Tilter? a Drum to make him a Souldier? a Fiddle, to make him a Reueller? What is't you lack? Little Dogs for your Daughters! or Babies, male, or female?

BVS. Look not toward them, harken not: the place is *Smithfield*, or the field of Smiths, the Groue of Hobbi-horſes and trinkets, the wares are the wares of diuels. And the whole *Fayre* is the ſhop of *Satan*! They are hooks, and baites, very baites, that are hung out on euery ſide, to catch you, and to hold you as it were, by the gills; and by the noſtrills, as the Fiſher doth: therefore, you muſt not looke, nor turne toward them—The Heathen man could ſtop his eares with wax, againſt the harlot o' the ſea: Doe you the like, with your fingers againſt the bells of the Beaſt.

WIN-W. What ſlaſhes comes from him!

QVAR. O, he has thoſe of his open! a notable hot Baker 'twas, when hee ply'd the peeple: hee is leading his ſlocke into the *Fayre*, now.

WIN-W. Rather driuing hem to the Pens: for he will let hem looke vpon nothing.

KNO. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot! whither walke you?

F

Haue

Little-wit  
is gazing at  
the fyne;  
which is the  
Pigs-head  
with a large  
writing un-  
der it.

Have a care o' your fine veluet caps, the *Fayre* is dusty. Take a sweet delicate Booth, with boughs, here, i'the way, and coole your selues i'the shade: you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale i'the *Fayre*, Sir. Old *Vrs* is Cooke, there you may read: the pigges head speakes it. Poore soule, shee has had a *Sringhalt*, the *Marybinches*: but shee's prettily amended.

WHI. A delicate show-pig, little Mistris, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leave i'de fire, la! Tou shalt ha'de cleane side o'de table. clot and di glass vash'd with phatersh of Dame *Annes* sh *Cleare*.

IOH. This's fine, verily, here be the best pigs: and shee doe's roast 'hem as well as euer she did; the Pigs head sayes.

KNO. Excellent, excellent, Mistris, with fire o' *Iuniper* and *Rosemary* branches! The Oracle of the Pigs head, that, Sir.

PVR. Sonne, were you not warn'd of the vanity of the eye? haue you forgot the wholesome admonition, so soone?

IOH. Good mother, how shall we finde a pigge, if we doe not looke about for't? will it run off o'the spit, into our mouths thinke you? as in *Lubberland*? and cry, *we, we*?

Bvs. No, but your mother, religiously wise, conceiueth it may offer it selfe, by other meanes, to the sense, as by way of steeme, which I thinke it doth, here in this place (*Huh, huh*) yes, it doth. and it were a sinne of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline, or resist the good titillation of the famelick sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold (*huh, huh, huh*) follow the sent. Enter the Tents of the vncleane, for once, and satisfie your wiues frailty. Let your fraile wife be satisfied: your zealous mother, and my suffering selfe, will also be satisfied.

IOH. Come, *Win*, as good winny here, as goe farther, and see nothing.

Bvs. Wee scape so much of the other vanities, by our carely entring.

PVR. It is an ædifying consideration.

WIN. This is scuruy, that wee must come into the *Fayre*, and not looke on't.

IOH. *Win*, haue patience, *Win*, I'll tell you more anon.

KNO. *Maame-casse*, entertaine within there, the best pig i'the Booth; a Porklike pig. These are *Banbury-bloods*, o'the sincere stud, come a pigge-hunting. *Whit*, wait *Whit*, looke to your charge.

Bvs. A pigge prepare, ptesently, let a pigge be prepared to vs.

MOO. S'light, who be these?

VRS. Is this the good seruice, *Iordan*, you'd doe me?

KNO. Why, *Vrs*? why, *Vrs*? thou'lt ha' vapours i'thy legges againe ptesently, pray thee go in, 't may turne to the scratches else.

VRS.

Busy fens  
after is like  
a Hound.

VRS. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stinke like you, are these the guests o'the game, you promis'd to fill my pit withall, to day?

KNO. I, what aile they *Vrs*?

VRS. Aile they? they are all sippers, sippers o'the City, they looke as they would not drinke off two penn'orth of bottle-ale amongst 'hem.

MOO. A body may read that i'their small printed ruffes.

KNO. Away, thou art a foole, *Vrs*, and thy *Moone-calse* too, i'your ignorant vapours, now? hence, good guests, I say right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and set a couple o'pigs o'the board, and halfe a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'hem, and call *Whit*, I doe not loue to heare Innocents abus'd: Fine ambling hypocrites! and a stone-puritane, with a sorrell head, and beard, good mouth'd gluttons: two to a pigge, away.

VRS. Are you sure they are such?

KNO. O'the right breed, thou shalt try 'hem by the teeth, *Vrs*, where's this *Whit*?

WHI. *Behold, man and see, what a worthy man am ee!*

*With the fury of my sword, and the shaking of my beard,  
I will make ten thousand men afraid.*

KNO. Well said, braue *Whit*, in, and feare the ale-out o'the bottles, into the bellies of the brethren, and the sisters drinke to the cause, and pure vapours.

QVAR. My Roarer is turn'd Tapster, mee thinks. Now were a fine time for thee, *Win-wife*, to lay aboard thy widdow, thou'lt neuer be Master of a better season, or place; shee that will venture her selfe into the *Fayre*, and a pig-boxe, will admit any assault, be assur'd of that.

WIN. I loue not enterprises of that suddennesse, though.

QVAR. I'le warrant thee, then, no wife out o'the widdowes Hundred: if I had but as much Title to her, as to haue breath'd once on that streight stomacher of hers, I would now assure my selfe to carry her, yet, ere shewent out of *Smithfield*. Or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confesse. But you are a modest vndertaker, by circumstances, and degrees; come, 'tis Disease in thee, not Iudgement, I should offer at all together. Looke, here's the poore foole, againe, that was stung by the waspe, ere while.

## ACT. III. SCENE. III.

IVSTICE. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS.

I will make no more orations, shall draw on these tragick conclusions. And I begin now to thinke, that by a spice of collaterall Iustice, *Adam Ouerdoo*, deseru'd this beating; for I the said *Adam*, was one cause (a by-cause) why the purse was lost: and my wiues brothers purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it, at supper, (that will be the sport) and put my little friend, M<sup>r</sup> *Humphrey Wasp*'s choler quite out of countenance. When, sitting at the vpper end o' my Table, as I vs'd, & drinking to my brother *Cokes*, and M<sup>rs</sup>. *Alice Ouerdoo*, as I wil, my wife, for their good affectiō to old *Bradley*, I deliuer to 'hem, it was I, that was cudgell'd, and shew 'hem the marks. To see what bad euents may peepe out o' the taile of good purposes! the care I had of that ciuill yong man, I tooke fancy to this morning, (and haue not left it yet) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company, indeede, which drew the cut-purse; which drew the money; which drew my brother *Cokes* his losse; which drew on *Wasp*'s anger; which drew on my beating: a pretty gradation! And they shall ha' it i' their dish, i' faith, at night for fruit: I loue to be merry at my Table. I had thought once, at one speciall blow he ga'me, to haue reuealed my selfe? but then (I thank thee fortitude) I remembred that a wise man (and who is euer so great a part, o' the Commonwealth in himselfe) for no particular disaster ought to abandon a publike good designe. The husbandman ought not for one vnthankful yeer, to forsake the plough; The Shepheard ought not, for one scabb'd sheep, to throw by his tar-boxe; The Pilot ought not for one leake i' the poope, to quit the Helme; Nor the Alderman ought not for one custerd more, at a meale, to giue vp his cloakes; The Constable ought not to breake his staffe, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night; Nor the Piper o' the Parish (*Vt paruis componere magna solebam*) to put vp his pipes, for one rainy Sunday. These are certaine knocking conclusions; out of which, I am resolu'd, come what come can, come beating, come imprisonment, come infamy, come banishment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all) I will not discouer who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said euer, in Iustice name, and the King's, and for the Common-wealth.

WIN.

WIN. What doe's he talke to himselfe, and act so seriously?  
poore foole!

QVAR. No matter what. Here's fresher argument, intend that.

### ACT.III. SCENE. IIIJ.

COKE S. LEATHERHEAD. WASPE. Mistresse  
OVERDOO. WIN-VVIFE. QVARLOVS.  
TRASH. GRACE.

Come, Mistresse *Grace*, come Sister, heere's more fine sights,  
yet i' faith. Gods' lid where's *Numps*?

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? what is't you buy?  
fine Rattles! Drummes? Babies? little Dogges? and Birds for  
Ladies? What doe you lacke?

COK. Good honest *Numpes*, keepe afore, I am so afraid thou'lt  
lose somewhat: my heart was at my mouth, when I mist thee.

WAS. You were best buy a whip i' your hand to driue me.

COK. Nay, doe not mistake, *Numps*, thou art so apt to mis-  
take: I would but watch the goods. Looke you now, the treble  
fiddle, was e'en almost like to be lost.

WAS. Pray you take heede you lose not your selfe: your best  
way, were e'en get vp, and ride for more surety. Buy a tokens  
worth of great pinnes, to fasten your selfe to my shoulder.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? fine purses, pouches,  
pincases, pipes? What is't you lacke? a paire o' smithes to wake  
you i' the morning? or a fine whistling bird?

COK. *Numps*, here be finer things then any we ha' bought by  
oddes! and more delicate horses, a great deale! good *Numpes*,  
stay, and come hither.

WAS. Will you scourse with him? you are in *Smithfield*, you  
may fit your selfe with a fine easy-going street-nag, for your sad-  
dle again' *Michaelmasse-terme*, doe, has he ne'er a little odde cart for  
you, to make a Carroch on, i' the countrey, with foure pyed hob-  
byhorses? why the meazills, should you stand heere, with your  
traine, cheaping of Dogges, Birds, and Babies? you ha' no chil-  
dren to bestow 'hem on? ha' you?

COK. No, but again' I ha' children, *Numps*, that's all one.

WAS. Do, do, do, do; how many shall you haue, think you?  
an' I were as you, I'd buy for all my Tenants, too, they are a kind  
o' ciuill Sauages, that wil part with their children for rattles, pipes,  
and kniues. You were best buy a hatchet, or two, & truck with 'hem.

F 3

COK.



COK. Good *Numps*, hold that little tongue o'thine, and saue it a labour. I am resolute *Bar*, thou know'st.

WAS. A resolute foole, you are, I know, and a very sufficient Coxcombe; with all my heart; nay you haue it, Sir, and you be angry, turd i' your teeth, twice: (if I said it not once afore) and much good doe you.

WIN. Was there euer such a selfe-affliction? and so impertinent?

QVAR. Alas! his care will goe neere to cracke him, let's in, and comfort him.

WAS. Would I had beene set i' the gronnd, all but the head on me, and had my braines bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I vnderwent this plague of a charge!

QVAR. How now, *Numps*! almost tir'd i' your Protectorship? ouerparted? ouerparted?

WAS. Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am, dos't grieve you?

QVAR. No, I sweare dos't not, *Numps*: to satisfie you.

WAS. *Numps*? S'blood, you are fine and familiar! how long ha' wee bin acquainted, I pray you?

QVAR. I thinke it may be remembred, *Numps*, that 'twas since morning sure.

WAS. Why, I hope I know't well enough, Sir, I did not aske to be told.

QVAR. No? why then?

WAS. It's no matter why, you see with your eyes, now, what I said to you to day? you'll beleeue me another time?

QVAR. Are you remouing the *Fayre*, *Numps*?

WAS. A pretty question! and a very ciuill one! yes faith, I ha' my lading you see; or shall haue anon, you may know whose beast I am, by my burthen. If the pannier-mans lacke were euer better knowne by his loynes of matton, I'le be head, and feede dogs for him, when his time comes.

WIN. How melancholi' Mistrresse *Grace* is yonder! pray thee let's goe enter our selues in *Grace*, with her.

COK. Those fixe horses, friend I'le haue—

WAS. How!

COK. And the three Iewes trumps; and halfe a dozen o' Birds, and that Drum, (I haue one Drumme already) and your Smiths; I like that deuce o' your smiths, very pretty well, and foure Halberts—and (le'me see) that fine painted great Lady, and her three women for state, I'le haue.

WAS. No, the shop; buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop!

LEA. If his worship please.

WAS. Yes, and keepe it during the *Fayre*, Bobchin.

COK. Peace, *Numps*, friend, doe not meddle with him, an' you

you be wise, and would shew your head aboue board : hee will sting thorow your wrought night-cap, beleue me. A set of these Violines, I would buy too, for a delicate young noife I haue i'the countrey, that are euery one a size lesse then another, iust like your fiddles. I would faire haue a fine young Masque at my marriage, now I thinke on't : but I doe want such a number o'things. And *Nemps* will not helpe me now, and I dare not speake to him.

TRA. Will your worship buy any ginger-bread, very good bread, comfortable bread ?

COK. Ginger-bread ! yes, let's see.

WAS. There's the tother sprindge ?

LEA. Is this well, goody *Ione* ? to interrupt my market ? in the midst ? and call away my customers ? can you answer this, at the *Piepouldres* ?

TRA. Why ? if his Master-ship haue a minde to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's ; I may shew my ware, as well as you yours.

COK. Hold your peace ; I'le content you both : I'le buy vp his shop, and thy basket.

WAS. Will you i' faith ?

LEA. Why should you put him from it, friend ?

WAS. Cry you mercy ! you'd be sold too, would you ? what's the price on you ? Ierkin, and all as you stand ? ha' you any qualities ?

TRA. Yes, good-man angry-man, you shall finde he has qualities, if you cheapen him.

WAS. Gods so, you ha' the selling of him ! what are they ? will they be bought for loue, or money ?

TRA. No indeed, Sir.

WAS. For what then ? victualls ?

TRA. He scornes victualls, Sir, he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God ! and yet he will be more for a good meale, if the toy take him i'the belly, mary then they must not set him at lower end ; if they do, he'll goe away, though he fast. But put him a top o'the Table, where his place is, and hee'll doe you forty fine things. Hee has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great citty-suppers, to put downe *Ceriat*, and *Cokeley*, and bin laught at for his labour ; he'll play you all the Puppets i'the towne ouer, and the Players, euery company, and his owne company too ; he spares no body !

COK. I'faith ?

TRA. Hee was the first, Sir, that euer baited the fellow i'the beare's skin, an't like your worship : no dog euer came neer him, since. And for fine motions !

COK. Is hee good at those too ? can hee set out a Masque trow ?

TRA. O Lord, Master ! sought to farre, and neere, for his inventions :

*He runnes to  
her shop.*

ventions: and hee engrosses all, hee makes all the Puppets i' the *Fayre*.

COK. Do'st thou (in troth) oide veluet Ierkin? giue mee thy hand.

TRA. Nay, Sir, you shall see him in his veluet Ierkin, and a scarfe, too, at night, when you heare him interpret Master *Little-wit's* Motion.

COK. Speake no more, but shut vp shop presently, friend. I'll buy both it, and thee too, to carry downe with me, and her hamper, beside. Thy shop shall furnish out the Masque, and hers the Banquet: I cannot goe lesse, to set out any thing with credit. what's the price, at a word, o' thy whole shop, case, and all as it stands?

LEA. Sir, it stands me in sixe and twenty shillings seuen pence, halfe-peny, besides three shillings for my ground.

COK. Well, thirty shillings will doe all, then! And what comes yours too?

TRA. Foure shillings, and cleauen pence, Sir, ground, and all, an't like your worship.

COK. Yes, it do's like my worship very well, poore woman, that's siue shillings more, what a Masque shall I furnish out, for forty shillings? (twenty pound scotsh) and a Banquet of Ginger-bread? there's a stately thing! *Numps*? Sister? and my wedding gloues too? (that I neuer thought on afore.) All my wedding gloues, Ginger-bread? O me! what a deuice will there be? to make 'hem cate their fingers ends! and delicate Brooches for the Bride-men! and all! and then I'll ha' this poesie put to 'hem: *For the best grace*, meaning *Mistresse Grace*, my wedding poesie.

GRA. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your *Bartholmew-wit*.

WAS. You doe not meane this, doe you? is this your first purchase?

COK. Yes faith, and I doe not thinke, *Numps*, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest Act, that euer I did in my wardship.

WAS. Like inough! I shall say any thing. I!

ACT.

## ACT. III. SCENE. V.

I V S T I C E. E D G V V O R T H. N I G H T I N G A L E.

I Cannot beget a *Proiect*, with all my politicall braine, yet; my *Proiect* is how to fetch off this proper young man, from his debauched company: I haue followed him all the *Fayre* ouer, and still I finde him with this songster: And I begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity; and the young man of a terrible taint, *Poetry*! with which idle disease, if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a state-course. *Adum est*, of him for a common-wealths-man: if hee goe to't in *Rime*, once.

EDG. Yonder he is buying o' Ginger-bread: set in quickly, before he part wirth too much on his money.

NIG. *My masters and friends, and good people, draw neere, &c.*

COK. Ballads! harke, harke! pray thee, fellow, stay a little, good *Numpes*, looke to the goods. What Ballads hast thou? let me see, let me see my selfe.

*He runs  
to the Ballad  
man.*

WAS. Why so! hee's flowne'to another lime-bush, there he will flutter as long more; till hee ha'ne'r a feather left. Is there a vexation like this, Gentlemen? will you beleue mee now, hereafter? shall I haue credit with you?

QVAR. Yes faith, shalt thou, *Numpes*, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I neuer saw a young Pimpe errant, and his Squire better match'd.

WIN-W. Faith, the sifter comes after hem, well, too.

GRA. Nay, if you saw the Iustice her husband, my Guardian, you were fitted for the Messe, hee is such a wise one his way—

WIN-W. I wonder, wee see him not heere.

GRA. O! hee is too serious for this place, and yet better sport then then the other three, I assure you, Gentlemen: where ere he is, though't be o'the Bench.

COK. How'dost thou call it! A caueat against cutpurfes! a good iest, i'faith, I would faine see that *Demon*, your Cutpurse, you talke of, that delicate handed Diuell; they say he walke hereabout; I would see him walke, now. Looke you sifter, here, here, let him come, sifter, and welcome. Ballad-man, do's any cutpurfes haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two: beginne and shew me one.

*He shew's  
his purse  
boastingly.*

NIG. Sir, this is a spell against hem, spicke and span new, and 'tis made as 'twere in mine owne person, and I sing it in mine owne

G

defence.

defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone, if you buy it.

COK. No matter for the price, thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd *Bartholmew*.

OVE. Ha'st a fine picture, Brother?

COK. O Sister, doe you remember the ballads ouer the Nursery-chimney at home o' my owne pasting vp, there be braue pictures. Other manner of pictures, than these, friend.

WAS. Yet these will serue to picke the pictures out o' your pockets, you shall see.

COK. So, I heard 'hem say. Pray thee mind him nor, fellow: hee'll haue an oare in euery thing.

NIG. It was intended Sir, as if a purse should chance to be cut in my presence, now, I may be blamelesse, though: as by the sequell, will more plainly appeare.

COK. We shall find that i' the matter. Pray thee begin.

NIG. To the tune of *Paggingtons Pound*, Sir.

COK. *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la.* Nay, I'll put thee in tune, and all! mine owne cōuntry dance! Pray thee begin.

NIG. It is a gentle admonition, you must know, Sir, both to the purse-cutter, and the purse-bearer.

COK. Not a word more, out o' the tune, an' thou lou'st mee: *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la.* Come, when?

NIG. *My masters and friends, and good people draw neere,  
And looke to your purses, for that I doe say;*

COK. Ha, ha, this chimes! good counsell at first dash.

NIG. *And though little money, in them you doe beare.  
It cost more to get, then to lose in a day.*

[COK. Good!

*You oft haue beene told,*

*Both the young and the old;*

*And bidden beware of the cutpurse so bold:*

*Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse,*

*Who both giue you warning, for and, the cutpurse.*

*Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin starn'd by thy Nurse,*

*Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse.*

COK. Good i' faith, how say you, *Namps*? Is there any harme i' this?

NIG. *It hath bin vphrayded to men of my trade,*

*That oftentimes we are the cause of this crime.*

*Alacke and for pittie, why should it be said?*

*As if they regarded or places, or time.*

*Examples haue been*

*Of some that were seen,*

*In Westminster Hall, yea the pleaders between,*

*Then why should the Iudges be free from this curse,*

*More then my poore selfe, for cutting the purse?*

*Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin starn'd by thy Nurse,*

*Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse.*

COK. Well said! hee were to blame that wold not i' faith.

COK. The more coxcōbes they that did it, I wusse.

COK. Goda mercy for that! why should they be more free in deede?

COK.

COK. That againe, good Ballad-man, that againe. O rare! I would faine rubbe mine elbow now, but I dare not pull out my hand. On, I pray thee, hee that made this ballad, shall be *Poet* to my *Alasque*.

*He sings the burden with him.*

NIG. *At Wor'ter 'tis knowne well, and euen i the layle,  
A Knight of good worship did there shew his face,  
Against the foule sinners, in zeale for to rayle,  
And lost (ipso facto) his purse in the place.*

COK. Is it  
Nay, once from the Seat  
Of Iudgement so great,  
possible?

*A Iudge there did lose a faire pouch of veluete.*

[COK. I'faith?

O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worse,

Are those that so venture their necks for a purse! Youth, youth, &c.

COK. Youth, youth, &c? pray thee stay a little, friend, yet o'thy conscience, *Numps*, (speake, is there any harme i this?)

WAS. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, lesse you had grace to follow it.

Ivs. It doth discouer enormitie, I'le marke it more: I ha' not lik'd a paltry piece of poetry, so well a good while.

COK. Youth, youth, &c! where's this youth, now? A man must call vpon him, for his owne good, and yet hee will not appeare: looke here, here's for him, handy-dandy, which hand will he haue? On, I pray thee, with the rest, I doe heare of him, but I cannot see him, this Master Youth, the outpurse.

*Hee shewes his purse.*

NIG. *At Playes and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,  
'Tis daily their practice such booty to make:  
Yea, vnder the Gallows, at Executions,  
They sticke not the Stare-about's purses to take.*

Nay one without grace,  
at a better place,

COK. That was a  
fine fellow! I would  
haue him, now.

*At Court, & in Christmas, before the Kings face,*

*Alacke then for pittie must I beare the curse,*

*That onely belongs to the cunning outpurse?*

COK. But where's their cunning, now, when they should vse it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. Youth, youth, shew badst better, &c. The Rat-catchers charme, are all tooles and Asses to this! A poxe on 'hem, that they will not come! that a man should haue such a desire to a thing, and want it.

QVAR. Fore God, I'd giue halfe the *Fayre*, and 'twere mine, for a curpurse for him, to saue his longing.

COK. Looke you Sister, heere, heere, where is't now? which pocket is't in? for a wager?

WAS. I beseech you leaue your wagers, and let him end his matter, an't may be.

COK. O, are you ædified *Numps*?

Ivs. Indeed hee do's interrupt him, too much: There *Numps* spoke to purpose.

*Hee shewes his purse againe.*

against.

Edgworth  
gets up to  
him, and  
tickles him  
in the ear  
with a straw  
twice to  
draw his  
hand out  
of his pocket.

COK. Sister, I am an Ass, I cannot keepe my purse: on, on; I pray thee, friend.

NIG. But O, you vile nation of cutpurses all,  
Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,  
And know that you ought not, by honest mens fall,  
Adnaunce your owne fortunes, to die about ground,  
And though you goe gay,  
In silkes as you may,

It is not the highway to heauen, (as they say)  
Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse:  
And kisse not the Gallows for cutting a purse.  
Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin sternd by thy Nurse,  
Then live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

God hee is a braue fellow; pittie hee should be detected.

ALL. An excellent ballad! an excellent ballad!

EDG. Friend, let mee ha' the first, let mee ha' the first, I pray you.

COK. Pardon mee, Sir. First come, first seru'd; and I'll buy the whole bundle too.

WIN. That conueyance was better then all, did you see't? he has giuen the purse to the ballad-singer.

QVAR. Has hee?

EDG. Sir, I cry you mercy; I'll not hinder the poore mans profit: pray you mistake me not.

COK. Sir, I take you for an honest Gentleman; if that be mistaking, I met you to day afore: ha! humh! O God! my purse is gone, my purse, my purse, &c.

WAS. Come, doe not make a stirre, and cry your selfe an Ass, thorow the Fayre afore your time.

COK. Why, hast thou it, Numpes? good Numpes, how came you by it? I mar'le!

WAS. I pray you seeke some other gamster, to play the foole with: you may lose it time enough, for all your Fayre-wit.

COK. By this good hand, gloue and all, I ha' lost it already, if thou hast it not: fiesel selfe, and Mistris Grace's handkercher, too, out of the tother pocket.

WAS. Why, 'tis well; very well, exceeding pretty, and well.

EDG. Are you sure you ha' lost it, Sir?

COK. O God! yes; as I am an honest man, I had it but e'en now, at youth, youth.

NIG. I hope you suspect not me, Sir.

EDG. Thee! that were a iest indede! Dost thou thinke the Gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou hands, I pray thee? Away Ass, away.

Iys. I shall be beaten againe, if I be sp'd.

EDG. Sir, I suspect an odde fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

WINW. Will you see sport? looke, there's a fellow gathers vp to him, marke.

QVA. Good, i' faith! O he has lighted on the wrōg pocket.

WINW. He has it, fore

Oye.



OVE. Brother; it is the preaching fellow! you shall suspect him. He was at your tother purse, you know! Nay, stay, Sir, and view the worke you ha' done, an' you be benefic'd at the Gallows, and preach there, thanke your owne handy-worke.

COK. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment: you shall be silenc'd quickly.

IYS. What doe you meane? sweet buds of gentility.

COK. To ha' my peneworths out on you: Bud. No lesse then two purses a day, serue you? I thought you a simple fellow, when my man *Numpes* beate you, i the morning, and pittied you—

OVE. So did I, I'll besworne, brother; but now I see hee is a lewd, and pernicious Enormity: (as Master *Overdoo* calls him.)

IYS. Mine owne words turn'd vpon mee, like swords.

COK. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you, i the Masters pocket, but you must Intice it forth, and debauch it?

WAS. Sir, Sir, keepe your debauch, and your fine *Bartholme* termes to your selfe; and make as much on him as you please. But gi' me this from you, i the meane time; I beseech you, see if I can looke to this.

COK. Why, *Numpes*?

WAS. Why? because you are an Ass, Sir, there's a reason the shortest way, and you will needs ha' it; now you ha' got the trick of losing, you'd lose your breech, an't 'twere loose. I know you, Sir, come, deliuer, you'll goe and cracke the vermine, you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine, will you ha' the truth on't? they are such retchlesse flies as you are, that blow curpurfes a-broad in euery corner; your foolish hauing of money, makes 'hem. An' there were no wiser then I, Sir, the trade shoud lye open for you, Sir, it should i' faith, Sir. I would reach your wit to come to your head, Sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, Sir.

WIN. Alacke, good *Numps*.

WAS. Nay, Gentlemen, neuer pittie mee, I am not worth it: Lord send me at home once, to *Harrow* o' the *Hill* againe, if I trauell any more, call me *Coriatt*; withall my heart.

QVAR. Stay, Sir, I must haue a word with you in priuate. Doe you heare?

EDG. With me, Sir? what's your pleasure? good Sir.

QVAR. Doe not deny it. You are a cutpurse, Sir, this Gentleman here, and I, saw you, nor doe we meane to detect you (though we can sufficiently informe our selues, toward the danger of concealing you) but you must doe vs a piece of service.

EDG. Good Gentlemen, doe not vndoe me; I am a euill young man, and but a beginner, indeed.

QVAR. Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending, for vs.

Wasp takes  
the Licence  
from him.

We are no Catchpoles nor Constables. That you are to vndertake, is this; you saw the old fellow, with the blacke boxe, here?

EDG. The little old Gouverneur, Sir?

QVAR. That same: I see, you have flowne him to a marke already. I would ha' you get away that boxe from him, and bring it vs.

EDG. Would you ha' the boxe and all, Sir? or onely that, that is in't? I'll get you that; and leaue him the boxe, to play with still: (which will be the harder o' the two) because I would gaine your worships good opinion of me.

WIN-W. He sayes well, 'tis the greater Mastery, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

EDG. I, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

QVAR. But looke you doe it now, sirrah, and keepe your word: or—

EDG. Sir, if euer I breake my word, with a Gentleman, may I neuer read word at my need. Where shall I find you?

QVAR. Some-where i'the *Faire*, heereabouts. Dispatch it quickly. I would faine see the carefull foole deluded! of all Beasts, I loue the serious Ass. He that takes paines to be one, and playes the foole, with the greatest diligence that can be.

GRA. Then you would not chose, Sir, but loue my Guardian, Iustice *Ouerdoe*, who is answerable to that description, in euery haire of him.

QVAR. So I haue heard. But how came you, Mistis *Welborne*, to be his Ward? or haue relation to him, at first?

GRA. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought me, Sir; and now he will marry me to his wiues brother, this wise Gentleman, that you see, or else I must pay value o' my land.

QVAR. S'lid, is there no device of disparagement? or so? talke with some crafty fellow, some picklocke o' the Law! Would I had studied a yeere longer i'the Innes of Court, and't had beene but i' your case.

WIN-W. I Master *Quarles*, are you proffering?

GRA. You'd bring but little ayde, Sir.

WIN-W. (I'll looke to you i' faith, Gamster.) An vnfortunate foolish *Tribe* you are false into, Lady, I wonder you can endure 'hem.

GRA. Sir, they that cannot worke their fetters off; must weare 'hem.

WIN-W. You see what care they haue on you, to leaue you thus.

GRA. Faith the same they haue of themselues, Sir. I cannot greatly complaine, if this were all the plea I had against 'hem.

WIN. 'Tis true! but will you please to withdraw with vs, a little, and make them thinke, they haue lost you. I hope our manners ha' beene such hitherto, and our language, as will giue you

you no cause, to doubt your selfe, in our company.

GRA. Sir, I will giue my selfe, no cause ; I am so secure of mine owne manners, as I suspect not yours.

QVAR. Looke where *John Little-wit* comes.

WIN-W. Away, I'll not be scene, by him.

QVAR. No, you were not best, hee'd tell his mother, the widdow.

WIN W. Heatt, what doe you meane ?

QVAR. Cry you mercy, is the winde there ? must not the widdow be nam'd ?

## ACT. III SCENE. VI.

IOHN. WIN. TRASH. LEATHERHEAD.  
KNOCKHVM. BVSY. PVRE CRAFT.

**D**Oe you heare *Win, Win* ?

WIN. What say you, *John* ?

IOH. While they are paying the reckoning, *Win*, I'll tell you a thing *Win*, wee shall neuer see any sights i'the *Fayre*, *Win*, except you long still, *Win*, good *Win*, sweet *Win*, long to see some Hobbby-horses, and some Drummes, and Rattles, and Dogs, and fine deuices, *Win*. The Bull with the five legs, *Win* ; and the great Hog: now you ha' begun with Pigge, you may long for any thing, *Win*, and so for my Motion, *Win*.

WIN. But we sha' not eat o'the Bull, and the Hogge, *John*, how shall I long then ?

IOH. Oyes! *Win* : you may long to see, as well as to taste, *Win* : how did the Pothecarie's wife, *Win*, that long'd to see the Anatomy, *Win* ? or the Lady, *Win*, that desir'd to spit i'the great Lawyers mouth, after an eloquent pleading ? I assure you they long'd, *Win*, good *Win*, goe in, and long.

TRA. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother *Leather-head*, wee shall heare no more of him.

LEA. All the better, let's packe vp all, and be gone, before he finde vs

TRA. Stay a little, yonder comes a company : it may be wee may take some more money.

KNO. Sir, I will take your counsell, and cut my haire, and leaue vapours : I see, that Tabacco, and Bottle-Ale, and Pig, and *Whit*, and very *Vrsla*, her selfe, is all vanity.

BVS. Onely Pigge was not comprehended in my admonition, the

*They plot to be gone.*

the rest were. For long haire, it is an Ensigne of pride, a banner, and the world is full of those banners, very full of Banners. And, bottle-ale is a drinke of Sathan's, a diet-drinke of Sathans, deuised to puffe vs vp, and make vs swell in this latter age of vanity, as the smoake of tabacco, to keepe vs in mist and error: But the fleshly woman, (which you call *Vrsla*) is aboute all to be auoyded, hauing the marks vpon her, of the three enemies of Man, the World, as being in the *Faire*; the Deuill, as being in the fire; and and the Flesh, as being her selfe.

PVR. Brother *Zeale-of-the-land*! what shall we doe? my daughter *Win-the-fight*, is false into her fit of longing againe.

BVS. For more pig? there is no more, is there?

PVR. To see some sights, i' the *Faire*.

BVS. Sitter, let her fly the impurity of the place, swiftly, lest shee partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seate of the Beast, O *Smithfield*, and I will leaue thee. Idolatry peepeth out on euery side of thee.

KNO. An excellent right Hypocrite! now his belly is full, he fills a railing and kicking, the lade. A very good vapour! I'll in, and ioi *Wysla*, with telling, how her pigge works, two and a halfe he eate to his share. And he has drunke a pailfull. He eates with his eyes, as well as his teeth.

LEA. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? What is't you buy? Rattles, Drumms, Babies. —

BVS. Peace, with thy Apocryphall wares, thou prophane Publican: thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Tobie's Dogges*. Thy Hobby-horse is an Idoll, a very Idoll, a feirce and rancke Idoll: And thou, the *Nabuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nabuchadnezzar* of the *Faire*, that set'st it vp, for children to fall downe to, and worship.

LEA. Cry you mercy, Sir, will you buy a fiddle to fill vp your noise.

IOH. Looke *Win*. doe, looke a Gods name, and saue your longing. Here be fine sights.

PVR. I child, so you hate 'hem, as our Brother *Zeale* do's, you may looke on 'hem.

LEA. Or what do you say, to a Drumme. Sir?

BVS. It is the broken belly of the Beast, and thy Bellows there are his lungs, and these Pipes are his throate, those Feathers are of his taile, and thy Rattles, the gnashing of his teeth.

TRA. And what's my ginger-bread? I pray you.

BVS. The prouander that pricketh him vp. Hence with thy basket of Popery, thy nest of Images: and whole legend of ginger-worke.

LEA. Sir if you be not quiet, the quicker, I'll ha' you clapp'd fairely by the heeles, for disturbing the *Faire*.

BVS. The sinne of the *Faire* prouokes me, I cannot bee silent.

PVR. Good brother *Zeale*!

LEA-

LEA. Sir, I'll make you silent, beleeeue it.

IOH. Il'd giue a shilling, you could i'faith, friend.

LEA. Sir, giue me your shilling, I'll giue you my shop, if I do not, and I'll leaue it in pawne with you, i'the meane time.

IOH. A match i'faith, but do it quickly, then.

BVS. Hinder me not, woman. I was mou'd in spirit, to bee here, this day, in this *Faire*, this wicked, and foule *Faire*; and fitter may it be a called a foule, then a *Faire*: To protest against the abuses of it, the foule abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandize of *Babylon* againe, & the peeping of *Popery* vpon the stals, here, here, in the high places. See you not *Goldyllocks*, the purple strumper, there? in her yellow gowne, and greene sleeues? the prophane pipes, the tinckling timbrells? A shop of reliques!

*He speaks  
to the widow.*

IOH. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with 'hem.

BVS. And this Idolatrous Groue of Images, this flasket of Idols! which I will pull downe——

*Overthrows  
the ginger-  
bread.*

(TRA. O my ware, my ware, God bleffe it.)

BVS. In my zeale, and glory to be thus exercis'd.

LEA. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeale, wee cannot sell a whistle, for him, in tune. Stop his noyse, first!

BVS. Thou canst not: 'tis a sanctified noyse. I will make a loud and most strong noyse, till I haue daunted the prophane enemy. And for this cause.——

*Leather-  
head enters  
with officers*

LEA. Sir, heer's no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall sweare it, i'the stocks, Sir.

BVS. I will thrust my selfe into the stocks, vpon the pikes of the Land.

LEA. Carry him away.

PVR. What doe you meane, wicked men?

BVS. Let them alone; I feare them not.

IOH. Was not this shilling well ventur'd, *Win*? for our liberty? Now we may goe play, and see ouer the *Fayre*, where we list our selues; my mother is gone after him, and let her ee'n go, and loose vs.

WIN. Yes *John*, but I know not what to doe.

IOH. For what, *Win*?

WIN. For a thing, I am asham'd to tell you, i'faith, and 'tis too farre to go home.

IOH. I pray thee bee not asham'd, *Win*. Come, i'faith thou shall not be asham'd, is it any thing about the Hobby-horse-man? an't be, speake freely.

WIN. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorne him; no, I haue very great, what sha'call'um, *John*.

IOH. O! Is that all, *Win*? wee'll goe backe to Captaine *Jordan*; to the pig-womans, *Win*. hee'll helpe vs, or she with a drip-

H

dripping pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poore greasie soule loues you, *Win*, and after we'll visit the *Fayre* all over, *Win*, and, see my Puppet play, *Win*, you know it's a fine matter, *Win*.

LEA. Let's away, I counsell'd you to packe vp afore, *Ione*.

TRA. A poxe of his *Bedlem* purity. Hee has spoyl'd halfe my ware: but the best is, wee lose nothing, if wee misse our first Merchant.

LEA. It shall be hard for him to finde, or know vs, when we are translated, *Ione*.



### ACT.III. SCENE.I.

TROUBLE-ALL. BRISTLE. HAGGISE.  
 COKES. IVSTICE. POCHER.  
 BVSY. PVRECRIFT.



Y Masters, I doe make no doubt, but you are officers.

BRI. What then, Sir?

TRO. And the Kings louing, and obedient subiects.

BRI. Obedient, friend? take heede what you speake, I aduite you: *Oliuer Bristle* aduises you. His louing subiects, we grant you: but not his obedient, at this time, by your leaue, wee know our

selues, a little better then so, wee are to command, Sr. and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient subiects, going to the stocks, and wee'll make you such another, if you talke.

TRO. You are all wise enough i' your places, I know.

BRI. If you know it, Sir, why doe you bring it in question?

TRO. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you haue warrant, for what you doe, and so, quit you, and so, multiply you.

HAG. What's hee? bring him vp to the stocks there. Why bring you him not vp?

TRO.

*He goes a-  
way againe.*



TRO. If you haue Iustice *Ouerdoo's* warrant, 'tis well: you are safe; that is the warrant of warrants. I'll not giue this button for any mans warrant else.

*comes again.*

BRI. Like enough, Sir, but let me tell you, an' you play away your buttons, thus, you will want 'hem ere night, for any stone I see about you: you might keepe 'hem, and saue pinnes, I wusse.

*goes away.*

IVS. What should hee be, that doth so esteeme, and aduance my warrant? he seemes a sober and discreet person. It is a comfort to a good conscience, to be follow'd with a good fame, in his sufferings. The world will haue a pretty tast by this, how I can beare aduersity: and it will beget a kind of reuerence, toward me, hereafter, euen from mine enemies, when they shall see I carry my calamity nobly, and that it doth neither breake mee, nor bend mee.

HAG. Come, Sir, heere's a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your legges?

*They put him in the stocks.*

IVS. That I will, cheerefully.

BRI. O my conscience a Seminary! hee kisses the stockes.

COK. Well my Masters, I'll leaue him with you; now I see him bestow'd, I'll goe looke for my goods, and *Numps*.

HAG. You may, Sir, I warrant you; where's the tother Bawler? fetch him too, you shall find 'hem both fast enough.

IVS. In the mid'st of this tumult, I will yet be the *Auditor* of mine owne rest, and not minding their fury, sit in the stockes; in that calme, as shall be able to trouble a *Triumph*.

*comes again,*

TRO. Doe you assure me vpon your words? may I undertake for you, if I be ask'd the question; that you haue this warrant?

HAG. What's this fellow, for Gods sake?

TRO. Doe but shew me *Adam Ouerdoo*, and I am satisfied.

*goes out.*

BRI. Hee is a fellow that is distracted, they say; one *Trouble* hee was an officer in the Court of *Pie-poulders*, here last yeere, and put out on his place by Iustice *Ouerdoo*.

IVS. Ha!

BRI. Vpon which, hee took an idle conceipt, and's runne mad vpon't. So that euer since, hee will doe nothing, but by Iustice *Ouerdoo's* warrant; he will not eate a crust, nor drinke a little, nor make him in his apparell, ready. His wife, Sir, entenced, cannot get him make his water, or shift his shirt, without his warrant.

IVS. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster! how am I bound to satisfie this poore man, that is of so good a nature to mee, out of his wits! where there is no roome left for dissembling.

*comes in.*

TRO. If you cannot shew me *Adam Ouerdoo*, I am in doubt of you: I am afraid you cannot answere it.

*goes againe.*

HAG. Before me, Neighbour *Bristle* (and now I thinke on't better) Iustice *Ouerdoo*, is a very parantory person.

BRI. O! are you aduis'd of that? and a seuerer Iusticer, by your leaue.



IVS. Doe I heare ill o' that side, too?

BRI. He will sit as vpright o' the bench, an' you marke him, as a candle i' the socket, and giue light to the whole Court in euery businesse.

HAG. But he will burne blew, and swell like a bile (God blesse vs) an' be angry.

BRI. I, and hee will be angry too, when his list, that's more; and when hee is angry, be it right or wrong; hee has the Law on's side, euer. I marke that too.

IVS. I will be more tender hereafter. I see compassion may become a *Iustice*, though it be a weaknesse, I confesse; and neuer a vice, then a vertue.

*They take  
the Iustice  
out.*

HAG. Well, take him out o' the stocks againe, wee'll goe a sure way to worke, wee'll ha' the Acc of hearts of our side, if we can.

Poc. Come, bring him away to his fellow, there. Master *Buffy*, we shall rule your legges, I hope, though wee cannot rule your tongue.

Bvs. No, Minister of darkenesse, no, thou canst not rule my tongue, my tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both knocke, and mocke downe your *Bartholmew*-abominations, till you be made a hissing to the neighbour Parishes, round about.

HAG. Let him alone, we haue deuise'd better vpon't.

PVR. And shall he not into the stocks then?

BRI. No, Mistresse, wee'll haue 'hem both to *Iustice Ouerdoe*, and let him doe ouer 'hem as is fitting. Then I, and my gossip *Haggis*, and my beadle *Pocher* are discharg'd.

PVR. O, I thanke you, blessed, honest men!

BRI. Nay, neuer thank vs, but thank this mad-man that comes hence, hee put it in our heads.

*Comes a  
gaine.*

PVR. Is hee mad? Now *heauen* increase his madnesse, and blesse it, and thanke it, Sir, your poore hand-maide thanks you.

TRO. Haue you a warrant? an' you haue a warrant, shew it.

PVR. Yes, I haue a warrant out of the word, to giue thanks for remouing any scorne intended to the brethren.

TRO. It is *Iustice Ouerdoe's* warrant, that I looke for, if you haue not that, keepe your word, I'll keepe mine. Quit yee, and multiply yee.

ACT.

## ACT. III. SCENE. II.

EDGVVORTH. TROVBLE-ALL:  
NIGHTINGALE. COKE.S. COS-  
TARDMONGER.

COME away *Nightingale*, I pray thee.

TRO. Whither goe you? where's your warrant?

EDG. Warrant, for what, Sir?

TRO. For what you goe about, you know how fit it is, an' you have no warrant, blesse you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can doe.

*Goes on.*

EDG. What meanes hee?

NIG. A mad-man that haunts the *Fayre*, doe you not know him? it's maruell hee has not more followers, after his ragged heeles.

EDG. Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had knowne of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing! ha' you prepar'd the Costard-monger?

NIG. Yes, and agreed for his basket of peares; hee is at the corner here, ready. And your Prize, he comes downe, sailing, that way, all alone; without his Protector: hee is rid of him, it seemes.

EDG. I, I know; I should ha' follow'd his Protector-ship for a feat I am to doe vpon him: But this offer'd it selfe, for the way, I could not let it scape: heere he comes, whistle, be this sport call'd *Dorring the Dostrell*.

*Nightingale whistles*

NIG. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c.

COK. By this light, I cannot finde my ginger-bread Wife, nor my Hobby-horse-man in all the *Fayre*, now; to ha' my money againe. And I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more, doe you heare, friend, you that whistle; what tune is that, you whistle?

NIG. A new tune, I am practising, Sir.

COK. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? may, on with thy tune, I ha' no such hast, for an answer: I'll practise with thee.

COS. Buy any peares, very fine peares, peares fine.

COK. Gods so! a muffle, a muffle, a muffle, a muffle.

COS. Good Gentleman, my ware, my ware, I am a poore man. Good Sir, my ware.

*Nightingale sets his foot afore him, and he falls with his basket.*

Cokes falls  
a scrambling  
whilest they  
runne away  
with his  
things.

NIG. Let me hold your sword, Sir, it troubles you.

COK. Doe, and my cloake, an'thou wilt; and my hat, too.

EDG. A delicate great boy! me thinks, he out-scrambles 'hem all. I cannot perswade my selfe, but he goes to grammer-schole yet; and playes the trewant, to day.

NIG. Would he had another purse to cut, *Zekiel*.

EDG. Purse? a man might cut out his kidneys, I thinke; and he neuer feeles 'hem, he is so earnest at the sport.

NIG. His soule is halfe way out on's body, at the game.

EDG. Away, *Nightingale*: that way.

COK. I thinke I am furnisht'd for Catherne peares, for one vnder-meale: gi' me my cloake.

COS. Good Gentleman, giue me my ware.

He runs out.

COK. Where's the fellow, I ga' my cloake to? my cloake? and my hat? ha! Gods'lid, is he gone? thieues, thieues, helpe me to cry, Gentlemen.

EDG. Away, Costermonger, come to vs to *Vryll's*. Talke of him to haue a soule? 'heart, if hee haue any more then a thing giuen him in stead of salt, onely to keepe him from stinking, I'll be hang'd afore my time, presently, where should it be trow? in his blood? hee has not so much to'ard it in his whole body, as will maintaine a good Flea; And if hee take this course, he will not ha' so much land left, as to teare a Calfe within this twelue month. Was there euer greener Plouer so pull'd! That his little Ouerfeet had beene heere now, and beene but tall enough, to see him steale peares, in exchange, for his beauer-hat, and his cloake thus? I must goe finde him out, next, for his blacke boxe, and his Patent (it seemes) hee has of his place; which I thinke the Gentleman would haue a reuerfion of; that spoke to me for it so earnestly.

He comes againe.

He throws away  
his peares.

COK. Would I might lose my doublet, and hose, too; as I am an honest man, and neuer stirre, if I thinke there be any thing, but rioting, and cooz'ning, i'this whole *Fayre Bartholmevv fayre*, quoth he; an' euer any *Bartholmevv* had that lucke in't, that I haue had, I'll be martyr'd for him, and in *Smithfield*, too. I ha' paid for my peares, and not on 'hem, I'll keepe 'hem no longer; you were choake-peares to mee; I had bin better ha' gone to my chance for you, I wisse. Me thinks the *Fayre* should not haue vs'd me thus, and 'twere but for my names sake, I would not ha' vs'd a dog o'the name, so. O, *Numps* will triumph, now! Friend, doe you know who I am? or where I lye? I doe not my selfe, I'll be sworne. Doe but carry me home; and I'll please thee, I ha' money enough there, I ha' lost my selfe, and my cloake and my hat; and my fine sword, and my sister, and *Numps*, and Mistris *Grace*, (a Gentlewoman that I should ha' marryed) and a out worke handkercher, (hee ga' mee, and two purses to day. And my bargaine o' Hobby-horses and Gingerbread, which grieues me worst of all.

Trouble all  
comes againe.

TRO. By whose warrant, Sir, haue you done all this?

COK.

COK. Warrant? thou art a wise fellow, indeed, as if a man need a warrant to lose any thing, with.

TRO. Yes, Iustice *Ouerdo's* warrant, a man may get, and lose with, I'll stand to't.

COK. Iustice *Ouerdoo*? Dost thou know him? I lye there, hee is my brother in Law, hee married my sister: pray thee shew me the way, dost thou know the house?

TRO. Sir, shew mee your warrant, I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me.

COK. Why, I warrant thee, come along: thou shalt see; I haue wrought pillowes there, and cambricke sheetes, and sweete bags, too. Pray thee guide me to the house.

TRO. Sir, I'll tell you; goe you thither your selfe, first, alone; tell your worshipfull brother your minde: and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his Clerkes, with *Adam Ouerdoo*, vnderneath; here I'll stay you, I'll obey you, and I'll guide you presently.

COK. S'lid, this is an Ass, I ha' found him, poxe vpon mee, what doe I talking to such a dull foole; farewell, you are a very Coxcomb, doe you heare?

TRO. I thinke, I am, if Iustice *Ouerdoo* signe to it, I am, and so wee are all, hee'll quit vs all, multiply vs all.

## ACT. III. SCENE. II.

GRACE. QVARLOVS. WIN-WIFE.

TROUBLE-ALL. EDGVVORTH.

*They enter  
with their  
swords  
drawne.*

Gentlemen, this is no way that you take: you go but breed one another trouble, and offence, and giue me no contentment at all. I am no she, that affects to be quarell'd for, or haue my name or fortune made the question of mens swords.

QVA. S'llood, wee loue you.

GRA. If you both loue mee, as you pretend, your owne reason will tell you, but one can enioy me; and to that point, there leads a directer line, then by my infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I haue profess'd it to you ingenuously; that rather then to be yoak'd with this Bridegroom is appointed me, I would take vp any husband, almost vpon any trust. Though Subtilty would say to me, (I know) hee is a foole, and has an estate, and I might gouerne him, and enioy a friend, beside. But these are not my aymes, I must haue a husband I must loue, or I cannot liue with him. I shall ill make one of these politique wiues!

WIN-W.

WIN-W. Why, if you can like either of vs, Lady, say, which is he, and the other shall sweare instantly to desist.

QVA. Content, I accord to that willingly.

GRA. Sure you thinke me a woman of an extreme leuity, Gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that (meeting you by chance in such a place, as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deseruing afore the other, of me) I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, This is he, and name him.

QVA. Why, wherefore should you not? What should hinder you?

GRA. If you would not giue it to my modesty, allow it yet to my wit; giue me so much of woman, and cunning, as not to betray my selfe impertinently. How can I iudge of you, so farre as to a choyse, without knowing you more? you are both equall, and alike to mee, yet: and so indifferently affected by mee, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away. For you are reasonable creatures, you haue vnderstanding, and discourse. And if fate send me an vnderstanding husband, I haue no feare at all, but mine owne manners shall make him a good one.

QVAR. Would I were put forth to making for you, then:

GRA. It may be you are, you know not what's toward you: will you consent to a motion of mine, Gentlemen?

WIN-W. What euer it be, we'll presume reasonablenesse, coming from you.

QVAR. And fittesse, too.

GRA. I saw one of you buy a paire of tables, e'en now.

WIN-W. Yes, heere they be, and maiden ones too, vnwritten in.

GRA. The fitter for what they may be imployed in. You shall write either of you, heere, a word, or a name, what you like best; but of two, or three syllables at most: and the next person that comes this way (because *Destiny* has a high hand in businesse of this nature) I'll demand, which of the two words, he, or she doth approue; and according to that sentence, fixe my resolution, and affection, without change.

QVAR. Agreed, my word is conceiued already.

WIN-W. And mine shall not be long creating after.

GRA. But you shall promise, Gentlemen, not to be curious to know, which of you it is, taken; but giue me leaue to conceale that till you haue brought me, either home, or where I may safely tender my selfe.

WIN-W. Why that's but equall.

QVAR. Wee are pleas'd.

GRA. Because I will bind both your indeauours to work together, friendly, and ioyntly, each to the others fortune, and haue my selfe fitted with some meanes, to make him that is forsaken, a part of amends.

QVAR.

QVAR. These conditions are very curteous. Well my word is out of the *Arcadia*, then: *Argalus*.

WIN-W. And mine out of the play, *Palemon*.

TRO. Haue you any warrant for this, Gentlemen?

QVAR. WIN-W. Ha!

TRO. There must be a warrant had, belceue it.

WIN-W. For what?

TRO. For whatsoeuer it is, any thing indeede, no matter what.

QVA. S'light, here's a fine ragged Prophet, dropt downe 'the nicke!

TRO. Heauen quit you, Gentlemen.

QVA. Nay, stay a little, good Lady, put him to the question.

GRA. You are content, then?

WIN-W. QVAR. Yes yes.

GRA. Sir, heere are two names written—

TRO. Is *Iudice Ouerdoo*, one?

GRA. How, Sir? I pray you read 'hem to your selfe, it is for a wager betweene these Gentlemen, and with a stroake or any difference, marke which you approue best.

TRO. They may be both worshipfull names for ought I know, Mistresse, but *Adam Ouerdoo* had bee he worth three of 'hem, I assure you, in this place, that's in plaine english.

GRA. This man amazes mee! I pray you, like one of 'hem, Sir.

TRO. I doe like him there, that has the best warrant, Mistresse, to saue your longing, and (multiply him) It may be this. But I am I still for *Iustice Ouerdoo*, that's my conscience. And quit you.

WIN-W. Is't done, Lady?

GRA. I, and strangely, as euer I saw! What fellow is this trow?

QVA. No matter what, a Fortune-teller wee ha' made him. Which is't, which is't.

GRA. Nay, did you not promise, not to enquire?

QVA. S'lid, I forgot that, pray you pardon mee. Looke, here's our *Mercury* come: The Licence arriues i'the finest time, too! 'tis but scraping out *Cokes* his name, and 'tis done.

WIN-W. How now lime-twig? hast thou touch'd.

EDG. Not yet, Sir, except you would goe with mee, and see't, it's not worth speaking on. The act is nothing, without a witnesse. Yonder he is, your man with the boxe false into the finest company, and so transported with vapours, they ha' got in a Northren Clothier, and one *Puppy*, a Westerne man, that's come to wrastle before my Lord *Maier*, anone, and Captaine *Whit*, and one *Val Cutting*, that helps Captaine *Iordan* to roare, a circling boy, with whom your *Numps*, is so taken, that you may strip him of his cloathes, if you will. I'll vndertake to geld him for you; if you had but a Surgeon, ready, to seare him. And Mistresse *Iustice*,

I

there,

Trouble-all  
comes again.

there, is the gooddest woman! shee do's so loue 'hem all ouer, in termes of Iustice, and the stile of authority, with her hood vp-right—that I beseech you come away Gentlemen, and see't.

QVAR. S'light, I would not lose it for the *Fayre*, what'll you doe, *Ned*?

WIN-W. Why, stay heere about for you, *Mistresse Welborne* must not be scene.

QVA. Doe so, and find out a Priest i'the meane time, I'll bring the License. Lead, which way is't?

EDG. Here, Sir, you are o'the backside o'the Booth already, you may heare the noise.

### ACT.IIIJ. SCENE.IV.

KNOCKHVM. NORDERN. PVPPY. CVT-  
TING.WHIT.EDGVVORTH.QVARLOVS.  
OVERDOO. WASPE. BRISTLE.

VV<sup>Hit</sup>, bid *Vall Cutting* continue the vapours for a list, *Whit*, for a list.

NOR. Il'e ne mare, Il'e ne mare, the eale's too meeghty.

KNO. How now! my *Galloway Nag*, the staggers? ha! *Whit*, gi' him a slit i'the fore-head. Cheare vp, man, a needle, and threed to stitch his eares. I'd cure him now an' I had it, with a little butter, and garlike, long-pepper, and graines. Where's my horne? I'll gi' him a mash, presently, shall take away this dizziness.

PVP. Why, where are you zurs? doe you vlinch, and leaue vs i'the zuds, now?

NOR. Il'e ne mare, I'is e'en as vull as a Paipers bag, by my troth, I.

PVP. Doe my Northerne cloth zhrinke i'the wetting? ha?

KNO. Why, well said, old Flea-bitten, thou'lt neuer tyre, I see.

CVT. No, Sir, but he may tire, if it please him.

WHI. Who told dee sho? that he vuld neuer teer, man?

CVT. No matter who told him so, so long as he knowes.

KNO. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

EDG. They are at it stil, Sir, this they call vapours.

WHI. He shall not pardon dee, Captaine, dou shalt not be pardon'd. Pre'de shweete heart doe nor pardon him.

CVT. S'light, I'll pardon him, an' I list, whosoeuer saies nay to't.

QVA.

*They fall to  
their va-  
pours, a-  
gaine.*



QVAR. Where's *Numps*? I misse him.

WAS. Why, I say nay to't.

QVAR. O there he is!

KNO. To what doe you say nay, Sir?

WAS. To any thing, whatsoeuer it is, so long as I do not like it.

WHI. Pardon me, little man, dou must like it a little.

CVT. No, hee must not like it at all, Sir, there you are i'the wrong.

WHI. I tinke I be, he must not like it, indeede.

CVT. Nay, then he both must, and will like it, Sir, for all you.

KNO. If he haue reason, he may like it, Sir.

WHI. By no meansh Captaine, vpon reason, he may like nothing vpon reason.

WAS. I haue no reason, nor I will heare of no reason, nor I will looke for no reason, and he is an Ass, that either knowes any, or lookes for't from me.

CVT. Yes, in some sence you may haue reason, Sir.

WAS. I, in some sence, I care not if I grant you.

WHI. Pardon mee, thou ought to grant him nothing, in no shensh, if dou doe loue dy shelfe, angry man.

WAS. Why then, I doe grant him nothing; and I haue no sence.

CVT. 'Tis true, thou hast no sence indeed.

WAS. S'lid, but I haue sence, now I thinke on't better, and I will grant him any thing, doe you see?

KNO. He is i'the right, and do's vtter a sufficient vapour.

CVT. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour, neither, I deny that.

KNO. Then it is a sweet vapour.

CVT. It may be a sweet vapour.

WAS. Nay, it is no sweet vapour, neither, Sir, it stinkes, and I'll stand to't.

WHI. Yes, I tinke it dosh stinke, Captaine. All vapour dosh stinke.

WAS. Nay, then it do's not stinke, Sir, and it shall not stinke.

CVT. By your leaue, it may, Sir.

WAS. I, by my leaue, it may stinke, I know that.

WHI. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leaue, angry man.

WAS. How can it not?

KNO. Nay, neuer question him, for he is i'the right.

WHI. Yesh, I am i'de right, I confesh it, so ish de little man too.

WAS. I'll haue nothing confest, that concernes mee. I am not i'the right, nor neuer was i'the right, nor neuer will be i'the right, while I am in my right minde,

CVT. Minde? why, heere's no man mindes you, Sir, nor any thing else.

*Here they continue their game of vapours, which is non sence. Every man to oppose the last man that spoke: whe- she is concern'd him, or no.*

*They drinke againe.*

PVP. Vreind, will you mind this that wee doe?

QVA. Call you this vapours? this is such belching of quarrell, as I neuer heard. Will you minde your businesse, Sir?

EDG. You shall see, Sir.

NOR. I'le ne maire, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

EDG. Will you take that, Master *Waspe*, that no body should minde you?

WAS. Why? what ha' you to doe? is't any matter to you?

EDG. No, but me thinks you should not be vnminded, though,

WAS. Nor, I wu' not be, now I thinke on't, doe you heare, new acquaintance, do's no man mind me, say you?

CVT. Yes, Sir, euery man heere mindes you, but how?

WAS. Nay, I care as little how, as you doe, that was not my question.

WHI. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i' faith la, tou shalt speake for mee, and I vill fight for tee.

KNO. Fight for him, *Whit*? A grosse vapour, hee can fight for himselfe.

WAS. It may be I can, but it may be, I wu' not, how then?

CVT. Why, then you may chuse.

WAS. Why, and I'le chuse whether I'le chuse or no.

KNO. I thinke you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute vapour.

WAS. Nay, then, I doe thinke you doe not thinke, and it is no resolute vapour.

CVT. Yes, in some fort he may allow you.

KNO. In no fort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

WAS. He mistakes nothing, Sir, in no fort.

WHI. Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.

WAS. A turd i' your teeth, neuer pre dee mee, for I will haue nothing mistaken.

KNO. Turd, ha turd? a noysome vapour, strike *Whit*.

OVE. Why, Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I charge you vpon my authority, conserue the peace. In the Kings name, and my Husbands, put vp your weapons, I shall be driuen to commit you my selfe, else:

QVA. Ha, ha, ha.

WAS. Why doe you laugh, Sir?

QVA. Sir, you'll allow mee my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

CVT. In some fort you may, and in some fort you may not, Sir.

KNO. Nay in some fort, Sir, hee may neither laugh, nor hope, in this company.

WAS.

*They fall by  
the eares.*

WAS. Yes, then he may both laugh, and hope in any fort, an't please him.

QVA. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please mee exceedingly.

WAS. No exceeding neither, Sir.

KNO. No, that vapour is too lofty.

QVA. Gentlemen, I doe not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but—

CVT. Doe you heare, Sir? I would speake with you in circle?

QVA. In circle, Sir? what would you with me in circle?

CVT. Can you lend me a Piece, a *lascobus*? in circle?

QVA. S'lid, your circle will proue more costly then your vapours, then, Sir, no, I lend you none.

CVT. Your beard's not well turn'd vp, Sir.

QVA. How Rascall? are you playing with my beard? I'll breake circle with you.

PVP. NOR. Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

KNO. Gather vp, *Whit*, gather vp, *Whit*, good vapours.

OVE. What meane you? are you Rebels? Gentlemen? shall I send out a *Sericant* at *Armes*, or a Writ o' Rebellion, against you? I'll commit you vpon my woman-hood, for a Riot, vpon my Iustice-hood, if you persist.

WAS. Vpon your Iustice-hood? Mary shite o' your hood, you'll commit? Spoke like a true Iustice of peace's wife, indeed, and a fine female Lawyer! turd i' your teeth for a fee, now.

OVER. Why, *Numps*, in Master *Ouerdoe's* name, I charge you.

WAS. Good Mistresse *Vnderdoe* hold your tongue.

OVER. Alas! poore *Numps*.

WAS. Alas! and why alas from you, I beseech you? or why poore *Numps*, goody *Rich*? am I come to be pittied by your tuft raffata now? why Mistresse, I knew *Adam*, the Clerke, your husband, when he was *Adam* Scriuener, and writ for two pence a sheet, as high as he beares his head now, or you your hood, Dame. What are you, Sir?

BRI. Wee be men, and no Infidells; what is the matter, here, and the noyses? can you tell?

WAS. Heart, what ha' you to doe? cannot a man quarrell in quietnesse? but hee must be put out on't by you? what are you?

BRI. Why, wee be his Maiesties Watch, Sir.

WAS. Watch? S'blood, you are a sweet watch, indeede. A body would thinke, and you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleepe at this time a day. Get you to your fleas, and your focke-beds, you Rogues, your kennells, and lye downe close.

BRI. Downe? yes, we will downe, I warrant you, downe with him in his Maiesties name, downe, downe with him, and carry him away, to the pigeon-holes.

*Hee drawes  
a circle on  
the ground.*

*They draw  
all, and fight.*

*The watch  
comes in.*

OVE. I thanke you honest friends, in the behalfe o' the Crowne, and the peace, and in Master *Ouerdoo's* name, for suppressing enormities.

WHI. Stay, *Briffle*, heere ish a noder brash o' drunkards, but very quiet, speciall drunkards, will pay dee, five shillings very well. Take 'hem to dee, in de graish o' God: one of hem do's change cloth, for Ale in the *Fayre*, here, te toder ish a strong man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayors man, and a wraistler. Hee has wraished so long with the bottle, heere, that the man with the beard, hash almost streeke vp bish heels.

BRI. S'lid, the Clerke o' the Marker, has beene to cry him all the *Fayre* ouer, here, for my Lords seruice.

WHI. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him. How now woman o' shilke, vat ailsh ty shweet faish? art tou melancholy?

OVE. A little distemper'd with these enormities; shall I intreat a curtesie of you, Captaine?

WHI. Intreat a hundred, veluet voman, I vill doe it, shpeake out.

OVE. I cannot with modesty speake it out, but—

WHI. I vill doe it, and more, and more, for dec. What *Vrs*, and't be bitch, and't be baud and't be!

VRS. How now Rascall? what roare you for? old Pimpe.

WHI. Heere, put vp de cloakes *Vrs*, de purchase, pre dee now, shweet *Vrs*, help dis good braue voman, to a *Jordan*, and't be.

VRS. S'lid call your Captaine *Jordan* to her, can you not?

WHI. Nay, pre dee leaue dy consheits, and bring the veluet woman to de—

VRS. I bring her, hang her: heart must I find a common pot for euery punque i' your purlews?

WHI. O good voordsh, *Vrs*, it ish a guest o' veluet, i' fait la.

VRS. Let her sell her hood, and buy a sponge, with a poxe to her, my vessell, employed Sir. I haue but one, and 'tis the bottome of an old bottle. An honest Proctor, and his wife, are at it, within, if thee'll stay her time, so.

WHI. As soone ash tou cansht shwet *Vrs*. Of a valiant man I tinke I am the patientsh man i' the world, or in all *Smithfield*.

KNO. How now *Whit*? close vapours, stealing your leaps? couering in corners, ha?

WHI. No fait, Captaine, dough tou beesht a vishe man, dy vit is a mile hence, now. I vas procuring a shmall courtesie, for a woman of fashion here.

OVE. Yes, Captaine, though I am Iustice of peace's wife, I doe loue Men of warre, and the Sonnes of the sword, when they come before my husband.

KNO. Say'st thou so Filly? thou shalt haue a leape presently, I'le horse thee my selfe, else.

VRS.

VRS. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her talke her turne?

WHI. Gramercy good *Vrs*, I tanke dee.

OVER. Master *Overdoo* shall thanke her.

## ACT. III. SCENE. V.

IOHN. WIN. VRS. LA. KNOCKHVM.

WHIT. OVERDOO. ALES.

Good Ga'mere *Vrs*; *Win*, and I, are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captaine *Jordan*, and Captaine *Whit*. *Win*, I'll be bold to leaue you, i'this good company, *Win*: for halfe an houre, or so *Win*, while I goe, and see how my matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect: and then I'll come & fetch you, *Win*.

WIN. Will you leaue me alone with two men, *Iohn*?

IOH. I, they are honest Gentlemen, *Win*, Captaine *Jordan*, and Captaine *Whit*; they'll vse you very ciuilly, *Win*, God b'w'you, *Win*.

VRS. What's her husband gone?

KNO. On his false, gallop, *Vrs*, away.

VRS. An' you be right *Bartholmew*-birds, now shew your selues fo: we are vndone for want of fowle i'the *Fayre*, here. Here will be *Zekiell Edgworth*, and three or foure gallants, with him at night, and I ha' neither Plouer nor Quaille for 'hem: perswade this betweene you two, to become a Bird o'the game, while I worke the velvet woman, within, (as you call her.)

KNO. I conceiue thee, *Vrs*! goe thy waies, dost thou heare, *Whit*? is't not pittie, my delicate darke chestnut here, with the fine leane head, large fore-head, round eyes, euen mouth, sharpe eares, long necke, thinne crest, close withers, plaine backe, deepe sides, short fillets, and full flanks: with a round belly, a plump buttocke, large thighes, knit knees, streight legges, short pasternes, smooth hoofes, and short heeles; should lead a dull honest womans life, that might liue the life of a Lady?

WHI. Yes, by my fait, and trót, it is, Captaine: de honest womans life is a scuruy dull life, indeed, la.

WIN. How, Sir? is an honest womans life a scuruy life?

WHI. Yes fait, shweet heart, belecue him, de leefe of a Bond woman! but if dou wilt harken to me, I vill make tee a free-woman, and a Lady: dou shalt liue like a Lady, as te Captaine saish.

KNO. I, and be honest too sometimes: haue her wiers, and her

her tires, her greene gownes, and veluet petticoates.

WHI. I, and ride to *Ware* and *Rumford* i'dy Coash, sheede Players, be in loue vit 'hem; sup vit gallantsh, be drunke, and cost de noting.

KNO. Braue vapours!

WHI. And lye by twenty on 'hem, if dou pleash shweet heart.

WIN. What, and be honest still, that were fine sport.

WHI. Tish common, shweet heart, thou mayst doe it by my hand: it shall be justified to thy husbands faith, now: thou shalt be as honest as the skinn betweene his hornsh, la!

KNO. Yes, and weare a dressing, top, and top-gallant, to compare with ere a husband on 'hem all, for a fore-top: it is the vapour of spirit in the wife, to cuckold, now adaies; as it is the vapour of fashion, in the husband, not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed-citizen, is an abominable vapour.

WIN. Lord, what a foole haue I beene!

WHI. Mend then, and doe euery ting like a Lady, heereafter, neuer know thy husband, from another man.

KNO. Nor any one man from another, but i'the darke.

WHI. I, and then it ish no dishgrash to know any man.

VRS. Helpe, helpe here.

KNO. How now? what vapour's there?

VRS. O, you are a sweet *Ranger*! and looke well to your walks. Yonder is your *Punke* of *Turnbull*, *Ramping Ales*, has false vpon the poore Gentlewoman within, and pull'd her hood ouer her cares, and her hayre through it.

OVE. Helpe, helpe, i'the Kings name.

ALE. A mischief on you, they are such as you are, that vndoe vs, and take our trade from vs, with your tuft-taffata hanches.

KNO. How now *Alice*!

ALE. The poore common whores can ha' no traffique, for the priuy rich ones; your caps and hoods of veluet, call away our customers, and lick the fat from vs.

VRS. Peace you foule ramping lade, you—

ALE. Od's foote, you Bawd in greace, are you talking?

KNO. VVhy, *Alice*, I say.

ALE. Thou Sow of *Smithfield*, thou.

VRS. Thou tripe of *Turnbull*.

KNO. Cat-a-mountaine-vapours! ha!

VRS. You know where you were taw'd lately, both lash'd, and flash'd you were in *Bridewell*.

ALE. I, by the same token, you rid that weeke, and broake out the bottome o'the Cart, Night-tub.

KNO. VVhy, *Lyonface*! ha! doe you know who I am? shall I teare ruffe, slit wastcoat, make ragges of petticoat? ha! goe to, vanish, for feare of vapours. *Whit*, a kick, *Whit*, in the parting vapour. Come braue woman, take a good heart, thou shalt be a Lady, too.

VVHI.

*Alice enters, beating the Justice's wife.*

WHI. Yes fait, dey shal all both be Ladies, and write Madame. I vill do't my selfe for dem. *Doe*, is the vord, and D is the middle letter of *Madame*, DD, put 'hem together, and make deeds, without which, all words are alike, la.

KNO. 'Tis true, *Vrs*la, take 'hem in, open thy wardrope, and fit 'hem to their calling. Greene-gownes, Crimson-petticoats, green women! my Lord Maiors green women! guests o' the Game, true bred. I'll prouide you a Coach, to take the ayre, in.

VVIN. But doe you thinke you can get one?

KNO. O, they are as common as wheelebarrowes, where there are great dunghills. Euery Pettifoggers wife, has 'hem, for first he buyes a Coach, that he may marry, and then hee marries that hee may be made Cuckold in't: For if their wiues ride not to their Cuckolding, they doe 'hem no credit. Hide, and be hidden; ride, and be ridden, sayes the vapour of experience.

### ACT.IIIJ. SCENE.VI.

TROBLE-ALL. KNOCKHVM. VVHIT.  
QVARLOVS. EDGVVORTH. BRISTLE.  
WASPE. HAGGISE. IUSTICE.  
BVSY. PVRE-CRAFT.

BY what warrant do's it say so?

KNO. Ha! mad child o' the *Pye-pouldres*, art thou there? fill vs a fresh kan, *Vrs*, wee may drinke together.

TRO. I may not drinke without a warrant, Captaine.

KNO. S'llood, thou'll not stale without a warant, shortly. *Whit*, Giue mee pen, inke and paper. I'll draw him a warrant presently.

TRO. It must be *Iustice Ouerdoo's*?

KNO. I know, man, Fetch the drinke, *Whit*.

VVHI. I pre. dee now, be very brieft, Captaine; for de new Ladies stay for dee.

KNO. O, as brieft as can be, here 'tis already. *Adam Ouerdoo*.

TRO. VVhy, now, I'll pledge you, Captaine.

KNO. Drinke it off. I'll come to thee, anone, againe.

QVA. Well, Sir. You are now discharg'd: beware of being spi'd, hereafter.

EDG. Sir, will it please you, enter in here, at *Vrs*la's; and take

K

part

Quarulous  
to the Cus-  
pouse.



part of a silken gowne, a veluet petticoate, or a wrought smocke; I am promis'd such: and I can spare any Gentleman a moiety.

QVA. Keepe it for your companions in beastlinesse, I am none of 'hem, Sir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater trespassse, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your offers. But goe your wayes, talke not to me, the hangman is onely fit to discourse with you; the hand of Beadle is too mercifull a punishment for your Trade of life. I am sorry I employ'd this fellow; for he thinks me such: *Fascinus quos inquinat, aequat*. But, it was for sport. And would I make it serious, the getting of this Licence is nothing to me, without other circumstances concur. I do thinke how impertinently I labour, if the word bee not mine, that the ragged fellow mark'd: And what advantage I haue giuen *Ned Win-wife* in this time now, of working her, though it be mine. Hee'll go neare to forme to her what a debauch'd Rascall I am, and fright her out of all good conceipt of me: I should doe so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper, yet; and it must needs bee next to despaire, that is grounded on any part of a womans discretion. I would giue by my troth, now, all I could spare (to my cloathes, and my sword) to meete my tatter'd *sooth-sayer* againe, who was my iudge i' the question, to know certainly whose word he has damn'd or sau'd. For, till then, I liue but vnder a *Repreiue*. I must seeke him. Who be these?

Ent. Waspe  
with the officers.

WAS, Sir, you are a welsh Cuckold, and a prating Runt, and no Constable.

BRI. You say very well. Come put in his legge in the middle roundell, and let him hole there.

WAS. You stinke of leeks, *Metheglyn*, and cheefe. You Rogue.

BRI. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the meane time? if you haue a minde to stinke too, your breeches sit close enough to your bumme. Sit you merry, Sir.

QVA. How now, *Numps*?

WAS. It is no matter, how; pray you looke off.

QVA. Nay I'll not offend you, *Numps*. I thought you had fate there to be seen.

WAS. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your businesse, an' you haue any.

QVA. Cry you mercy, *Numps*. Do's your leg lie high enough?

BRI. How now, neighbour *Haggise*, what sayes *Iustice Ouerdo's* worship, to the other offenders?

HAG. Why, hee sayes iust nothing, what should hee say? Or where should he say? He is not to be found, Man. He ha' not been seen i' the *Fayre*, here, all this liue-long day, neuer since seuen a clocke i' the morning. His Clearks know not what to thinke on't. There is no Court of *Pie-poulders* yet. Heere they be return'd.

BRI. What shall be done with 'hem, then? in your discretion?

HAG.

HAG. I thinke wee were best put 'hem in the stocks, in discre-  
tion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an  
houre, or such a thing, till his worship come.

BRI. It is but a hole matter, if wee doe, Neighbour *Haggise*,  
come, Sir, heere is company for you, heaue vp the stocks.

WAS. I shall put a tricked vpon your welsh diligence, per-  
haps.

BRI. Put in your legges, Sir.

QVA. VVhat, *Rabby Busy*! is hee come?

BVS. I doe obey thee, the Lyon may roare, but he cannot bite.  
I am glad to be thus separated from the *heathen* of the land, and  
put a part in the stocks, for the holy cause.

WAS. VVhat are you, Sir?

BVS. One that reioyceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to  
prophesie, the destruction of *Fayres* and *May-games*, *Wakes*, and  
*Whispen-ales*, and doth sigh and groane for the reformation, of  
these abuses.

WAS. And doe you sigh, and groane too, or reioyce in your  
affliction?

Ivs. I doe not feele it, I doe not thinke of it, it is a thing with-  
out mee. *Adam*, thou art about these battries, these contumelies.  
*In te manca ruat fortuna*, as thy friend *Horace* saies; thou art one,  
*Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*,. And there-  
fore as another friend of thine saies, (I thinke it be thy friend *Per-  
sius*) *Nonte quasiueris extra*.

QVA. What's heere! a Stoick i'the stocks? the Foole is turn'd  
*Philosopher*.

BVS. Friend, I will leaue to communicate my spirit with you,  
if I heare any more of those superstitious reliques, those lists of  
Latin, the very rags of *Rome*, and patches of *Paperie*.

WAS. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll leaue you.  
I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately: looke you, a deuice, but  
shifting in a hand for a foot. God b'w'you.

BVS. Wilt thou then leaue thy brethren in tribulation?

WAS. For this once, Sir.

BVS. Thou art a halting *Neutrall* stay him there, stop him:  
that will not endure the heat of persecution.

BRI. How now, what's the matter?

BVS. Hee is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

BRI. What, has he made an escape, which way? follow, neigh-  
bour *Haggise*.

PVR. O me! in the stocks! haue the wicked preuail'd?

BVS. Peace religious sister, it is my calling, comfort your selfe,  
an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my sur-  
rer standing, hereafter.

TRO. By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this?

QVA. O, here's my man! drop in, I look'd for.

K 2

Ivs.

*As they open  
the stocks,  
Waspe puts  
his shooe on  
his hand, and  
slips it in for  
his legges.*

*They bring  
Busy, and  
put him in.*

*He gets out.*

*The mad-  
man enters.*

Ivs. Ha!

PVR. O good Sir, they haue set the faithfull, here to be wonder'd at; and prouided holes, for the holy of the land.

TRO. Had they warrant for it? shew'd they *Iustice Ouerdoo's* hand? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.

BRI. Sure you did not locke the stocks sufficiently, neighbour Toby!

HAG. No! see if you can lock 'hem better.

BRI. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truely, yet some thing is in the mater.

TRO. True, your warrant is the matter that is in question, by what warrant?

BRI. Mad man, hold your peace, I will put you in his roome else, in the very same hole, doe you see?

QVA. How! is hee a mad-man!

TRO. Shew me *Iustice Ouerdoo's* warrant. I obey you.

HAG. You are a mad foole, hold your tongue.

TRO. In *Iustice Ouerdoo's* name, I drinke to you, and here's my warrant.

Ivs. Alas poore wretch! how it eames my heart for him!

QVA. If hee be mad, it is in vaine to question him. I'll try though, friend: there was a Gentlewoman, shew'd you two names, some houre since, *Argalus* and *Palemon*, to marke in a booke, which of 'hem was it you mark'd?

TRO. I marke no name, but *Adam Ouerdoo*, that is the name of names, hee onely is the sufficient Magistrate; and that name I reuerence, shew it mee.

QVA. This fellowes madde indeede: I am further off, now, then afore.

Ivs. I shall not breath in peace, till I haue made him some amends.

QVA. Well, I will make another vse of him, is come in my head: I haue a nest of beards in my Truncke, one some thing like his.

BRI. This mad foole has made mee that I know not whether I haue lock'd the stocks or no, I thinke I lock'd 'hem.

TRO. Take *Adam Ouerdoo* in your minde, and feare nothing.

BRI. S'lid, madnesse it selfe, hold thy peace, and take that.

TRO. Strikest thou without a warrant? take thou that.

BVS. Wee are deliuered by miracle; fellow in fetters, let vs not refuse the meanes, this madnesse was of the spirit: The malice of the enemy hath mock'd it selfe.

PVR. Mad doe they call him! the world is mad in error, but hee is mad in truth: I loue him o'the sudden, (the cunning man sayd all true) and shall loue him more, and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! O, that I might be his yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should wee draw to mad-

*Shewes his  
Name.*

*The watch-  
men come  
back againe.  
The mad-  
man fights  
with 'hem,  
and they  
leane open  
the stocks.*

madnesse in truth, with vs!

BRI. How now! all scap'd? where's the *woman*? it is witchcraft! Her veluet hat is a witch, o' my conscience, or my key! t'one. The mad-man was a Diuell, and I am an Ass; so blesse me, my place, and mine office.

*The wasch  
missing them  
are affright-  
ed.*



## ACT. V. SCENE. I.

LANTHORNE. FILCHER. SHARKVELL.



Ell, Lucke and Saint Bartholmew; out with the signe of our inuention, in the name of *Wis*, and do you beat the Drum, the while; All the fowle i'the *Fayre*, I meane, all the dirt in *Smithfield*, (that's one of Master *Littlewit's* *Carmwhitchets* now) will be throwne at our Banner to day, if the matter do's not please the people. O the *Motions*, that I *Lanthorne Leatherhead* haue given light to, i' my time, since my Master *Pod* dyed! *Ierusalem* was a stately thing; and so was *Niniue*, and the citty of *Norwich*, and *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*; with the rising o'the prentises; and pulling downe the bawdy houses there, vpon *Shroue-Tuesday*; but the *Gunpowder-plot*, there was a get-penny! I haue presented that to an eightene, or twenty pence audience, nine times in an aftermoone. Your home-borne proiects proue euer the best, they are so easie, and familiar, they put too much learning i' their things now o'dayes: and that I feare will be the spoile o'this. *Little-wit*? I say, *Mickle-wit*! if not too mickle! looke to your gathering there, good man *Filcher*.

*Pod was a  
Master of  
motions be-  
fore him.*

FIL. I warrant you, Sir.

LAN. And there come any Gentlesfolks, take two pence a piece, *Sharkwell*.

SHA. I warrant you, Sir, three pence, an'we can.

K 3

ACT.

## ACT. V. SCENE. II.

IVSTICE. WIN-WIFE. GRACE. QVARTLOVS. PVRE-CRAFT.

*The Iustice  
comes in like  
a Porter.*

**T**HIS later disguise, I haue borrow'd of a Porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good ends; which how euer interrupted, were neuer destroyed in me: neither is the houre of my severity yet come, to reueale my selfe, wherein cloud-like, I will breake out in raine, and haile, lightning, and thunder, vpon the head of enormity. Two maine works I haue to prosecute: first, one is to inuent some satisfaction for the poore, kinde wretch, who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him comming, I will walke aside, and proiect for it.

WIN. I wonder where *Tom Quarlous* is, that hee returnes not, it may be he is stricke in here to seeke vs.

GRA. See, heere's our mad-man againe.

QVA. I haue made my selfe as like him, as his gowne, and cap will giue me leaue.

PVR. Sir, I loue you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

WIN-W. How! my widdow in loue with a mad-man?

PVR. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit, as you.

QVA. By whose warrant? leaue your canting. Gentlewoman, haue I found you? (saue yee, quit yee, and multiply yee) where's your booke? 'twas a sufficient name I mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

GRA. What would you with it, Sir?

QVA. Marke it againe, and againe, at your seruice.

GRA. Heere it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.

QVA. *Palemon*? fare you well, fare you well.

WIN-W. How, *Palemon*!

GRA. Yes faith, hee has discover'd it to you, now, and therefore 'twere vaine to disguise it longer, I am yours, Sir, by the benefit of your fortune.

WIN-W. And you haue him *Mistresse*, beleue it, that shall neuer giue you cause to repent her benefit, but make you rather to thinke that in this choyce, she had both her eyes.

GRA. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.

QVA. *Palemon*, the word, and *Win-wife* the man?

PVR.

*Quarlous  
in the habit  
of the mad-  
man is mis-  
taken by Mr.  
Purc-craft.*

*He desires to  
see the booke  
of Mistresse  
Grace.*

PVR. Good Sir, vouchsafe a yoakefellow in your madnesse, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you, in truth.

QVA. Away, you are a heard of hypocriticall proud Ignorants, rather wilde, then mad. Fitter for woods, and the society of beasts then houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of *Canterers*, Outlawes to order and *Discipline*, and the onely priuiledg'd *Church-robbers* of *Christendome*. Let me alone. *Palemon*, the word, and *Winwife* the man?

PVR. I must vncouer my selfe vnto him, or I shall neuer enioy him, for all the *cunning mens* promises. Good Sir, heare mee, I am worth fixe thousand pound, my loue to you, is become my racke, I'll tell you all, and the truth: since you hate the hyporisie of the party-coloured brother-hood. These seuen yeeres, I haue beene a wilfull holy widdow, onely to draw feasts, and gifts from my intrangled suitors: I am also by office, an assisting *sister* of the *Deacons*, and a deuourer, in stead of a distributer of the alms. I am a speciall maker of marriages for our decayed *Brethren*, with our rich *widdowes*; for a third part of their wealth, when they are marryed, for the reliefe of the poore *elect*: as also our poore handsome yong Virgins, with our wealthy Batchelors, or Widdowers; to make them steale from their husbands, when I haue confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I ha' not my bargaine, they may sooner turne a scolding drab, in to a silent *Minister*, then make me leaue pronouncing *reprobation*, and *damnation* vnto them. Our elder, *Zeale-of-the-land*, would haue had me, but I know him to be the capitall Knaue of the land, making himselfe rich, by being made *Foffee* in trust to deceased *Brethren*, and coozning their *heyres*, by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus hauing eas'd my conscience, and vtter'd my heart, with the tongue of my loue: enioy all my deceits together. I beseech you. I should not haue reuealed this to you, but that in time I thinke you are mad, and I hope you'll thinke mee so too, Sir?

QVA. Stand aside, I'll answer you, presently. Why should not I marry this fixe thousand pound, now I thinke on't? and a good trade too, that shee has beside, ha? The tother wench, *Winwife*, is sure of; there's no expectation for me there! here I may make my selfe some sauer, yet, if shee continue mad, there's the question. It is money that I want, why should I not marry the money, when 'tis offer'd mee? I haue a *License* and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolu'd! I were truly mad, an' I would not! well, come your wayes, follow mee, an' you will be mad, I'll shew you a warrant!

PVR. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

IVS. Sir, let mee speake with you.

QVA.

He consider  
with him-  
selfe of it.

He takes her  
along with  
him.  
The Iustice  
calls him.



QVA. By whose warrant?

IVS. The warrant that you tender, and respect so; *Iustice Overdoo's*! I am the man, friend *Trouble-all*, though thus disguis'd (as the carefull *Magistrate* ought) for the good of the Republique, in the *Fayre*, and the weeding out of enormity. Doe you want a house or meat, or drinke, or cloathes? speake whatsoeuer it is, it shall be supplied you, what want you?

QVA. Nothing but your warrant.

IVS. My warrant? for what?

QVA. To be gone, Sir.

IVS. Nay, I pray thee stay, I am serious, and haue not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee; thinke what may doe thee good.

QVA. Your hand and seale, will doe me a great deale of good; nothing else in the whole *Fayre*, that I know.

IVS. If it were to any end, thou should'st haue it willingly.

QVA. Why, it will satisfie me, that's end enough, to looke on; an' you will not gi' it mee, let me goe.

IVS. Alas! thou shalt ha' it presently: I'll but step into the *Scriueners*, hereby, and bring it. Doe not go away.

QVA. Why, this mad mans shape, will proue a very fortunate one, I thinke! can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise *Iustice*, and he bring mee his hand, I shall goe neere to make some vse on't. Hee is come already!

IVS. Looke thee! heere is my hand and seale, *Adam Overdoo*, if there be any thing to be written, aboue in the paper, that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter; thinke on't; it is my deed, I deliuer it so, can your friend write?

QVA. Her hand for a *witnesse*, and all is well.

IVS. With all my heart.

QVA. Why should not I ha' the conscience, to make this a bond of a thousand pound? now, or what I would else?

IVS. Looke you, there it is; and I deliuer it as my deede againe.

QVA. Let vs now proceed in madnesse.

IVS. Well, my conscience is much eas'd; I ha' done my part, though it doth him no good, yet *Adam* hath offer'd satisfaction! The sting is remoued from hence: poore man, he is much alter'd with his affliction, it has brought him low! Now, for my other worke, reducing the young man (I haue follow'd so long in loue) from the brinke of his bane, to the center of safety. Here, or in some such like vaine place, I shall be sure to finde him. I will waite the good time.

ACT.

The Iustice  
goes out.

and returns.

Hee vrgeth  
Mistresse  
Purecraft.

He takes her  
in with him.



## ACT. V. SCENE. IIJ.

COKE S. SHAKRVVEL. IVSTICE. FIL-  
CHER. IOHN. LANTERNE.

HOW now? what's here to doe? friend, art thou the *Master* of the *Monuments*?

SHA. 'Tis a *Motion*, an't please your worship.

IVS. My phantasticall brother in Law, Master *Bartholmew Cokes*!

COK. A *Motion*, what's that? The ancient moderne history of *Hero*, and *Leander*, otherwise called *The Touchstone of true Love*, with as true a tryall of friendship, betwene *Damon*, and *Pithias*, two faithfull friends o' the Bankside? pretty 'faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an *Antelude*? or what is't?

FIL. Yes Sir, please you comencere, wee'll take your money within.

COK. Backe with these children; they doe so follow mee vp and downe.

IOH. By your leaue, friends.

FIL. You must pay, Sir, an' you goe in.

IOH. Who, I? I perceiue thou know'st not mee: call the *Ma-ster* o' the *Motion*.

SHA. What, doe you not know the *Author*, fellow *Filcher*? you must take no money of him; he must come in gratis: *Mr. Littlewit* is a voluntary; he is the *Author*.

IOH. Peace, speake not too lowd, I would not haue any notice taken, that I am the *Author*, till wee see how it passes.

COK. Master *Littlewit*, how do'st thou?

IOH. Master *Cokes*! you are exceeding well met! what, in your doublet, and hose, without a cloake, and hat?

COK. I would I might neuer stirre, as I am an honest man, and by that fire, I haue lost all the *Fayre*, and all my acquaintance too; did'st thou meet any body that I know, Master *Littlewit*? my man *Numps*, or my sister *Overdoo*, or Mistrisse *Grace*? pray thee Master *Littlewit*, lend mee some money to see the *Antelude*, here. I'll pay thee againe, as I am a Gentleman. If thou'lt but carry mee home, I haue money enough there.

IOH. O, Sir, you shall command it, what, will a crowne serue you?

L

COK.

Here reads the  
Bill.

The boyes  
o' the Fayre  
follow him.

COK. I think it well, what do we pay for comming in, fellows?

FIL. Twopence, Sir.

COK. Two pence? there's twelue pence, friend; Nay, I am a *Gallant*, as simple as I looke now; if you see mee with my man about me, and my *Artillery*, againe.

IOH. Your man was i' the Stocks, ee'n now, Sir.

COK. Who, *Numps*?

IOH. Yes faith.

COK. For what i' faith, I am glad o' that; remember to tell me on't anone; I haue enough, now! What manner of matter is this, M<sup>r</sup>. *Littlewit*? What kind of *Advers* ha' you? Are they good *Advers*?

IOH. Pretty youthes, Sir, all children both old and yong, heer's the Master of 'hem—

(LAN. Call me not *Leatherhead*, but *Lanterne*.)

IOH. Master *Lanterne*, that giues light to the businesse,

COK. In good time, Sir, I would faine see 'hem, I would be glad drinke with the young company; which is the Tiring-house?

LAN. Troth, Sir, our Tiring-house is somewhat little, we are but beginners, yet, pray pardon vs; you cannot goe vpright in't.

COK. No! not now my hat is off? what would you haue done with me, if you had had me, feather, and all, as I was once to day? Ha' you none of your pretty impudent boyes, now; to bring stooles, fill Tabacco, fetch Ale, and beg money, as they haue at other houses? let me see some o' your *Advers*.

ION. Shew him 'hem, shew him 'hem. Master *Lanterne*, this is a Gentleman, that is a fauorer of the quality.

IVS. I, the fauouring of this licencious quality, is the consumption of many a young Gentleman; a pernicious enormity.

COK. What, doe they liue in baskets?

LEA. They doe lye in a basket, Sir, they are o' the small *Players*.

COK. These be *Players minors*; indeed. Doe you call these *Players*?

LAN. They are *Advers*, Sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb shewes: indeed, I am the mouth of 'hem all!

COK. Thy mouth will hold 'hem all. I thinke, one *Taylor*, would goe neere to beat all this company, with a hand bound behinde him.

IOH. I, and este 'hem all, too, an' they were in cake-bread.

COK. I thank you for that, Master *Littlewit*, a good test! which is your *Parbage* now?

LAN. What means you by that, Sir?

COK. Your best *Advers*. Your *Field*?

IOH. Good ifaith! you are euen with me, Sir.

LAN. This is he, that acts young *Leander*, Sir. He is extreemly belou'd of the womenkind, they doe so affect his action, the green

Leather-head whif-  
pers to Little-  
wit.

He brings  
them out in  
a basket.

green gamesters, that come here, and this is louely *Hero*; this with the beard, *Damon*; and this pretty *Pythias*: this is the ghost of King *Dionysius* in the habit of a scriuener: as you shall see anone, at large.

COK. Well they are a ciuill company, I like 'hem for that; they offer not to fleere, nor geere, nor breake iests, as the great *Players* doe: And then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of 'hem, or making 'hem drunke, as to the other, by reason of their littlenesse. Doe they vse to play perfect? Are they neuer fluster'd?

LAN. No, Sir, I thanke my industry, and policy for it; they are as well govern'd a company, though I say it—— And here is young *Leander*, is as proper an *Actor* of his inches; and shakes his head like an hostler.

COK. But doe you play it according to the printed booke? I haue read that.

LAN. By no meanes, Sir.

COK. No? How then?

LAN. A better way, Sir, that is too learned, and poetically for our audience; what doe they know what *Hellepont* is? Guilty of true loues blood? or what *Abidos* is? or the other *Sestos* height?

COK. Th'art i'the right, I doe not know my selfe.

LAN. No, I haue entreated Master *Littlewit*, to take a little paines to reduce it to a more familiar straine for our people.

COK. How, I pray thee, good Mr *Littlewit*.

IOH. It pleases him to make a matter of it, Sir. But there is no such matter I assure you: I haue onely made it a little easie, and *moderne* for the times, Sir, that's all; As, for the *Hellepont* I imagine our *Thames* here; and then *Leander*, I make a *Diers sonne*, about *Puddle-wharfe*: and *Hero* a wench o' the *Banke-side*, who going ouer one morning, to old fish-street; *Leander* spies her land at *Trigstayres*, and falls in loue with her: Now do I introduce *Cupid*, hauing *Metamorphos'd* himselfe into a *Drawer*, and he strikes *Hero* in loue with a pint of *Sherry*, and other pretty passages there are, o' the friendship, that will delight you, Sir, and please you of Iudgement.

COK. I'll be sworne they shall; I am in loue with the *Actors* already, and I'll be allyed to them presently. (They respect gentlemen, these fellowes) *Hero* shall be my sayring: But, which of my sayrins? (Let me see) i' faith, my *fiddle*! and *Leander* my *fiddle-ficke*: Then *Damon*, my *Drum*; and *Pythias*, my *Pipe* and the ghost of *Dionysius*, my *hobby-horse*. All fitted.

+ An allusion to

## . ACT. V. SCENE. IV.

To them WIN-WIFE. GRACE. KNOCKHVM.  
WHITT. EDGVVORTH. VIN. *Mistress*  
OVERDOO. And to them VVASPE.

Looke yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his play-fellowes;  
I thought we could not misse him, at such a Spectacle.

GRA. Let him alone, he is so busie, he will neuer spie vs.

LEA. Nay, good Sir.

COK. I warrant thee, I will not hurt her, fellow; what dost think  
me vnciuill? I pray thee be not iealous: I am toward a wife.

IOH. Well good Master *Lanterne*, make ready to begin, that I  
may fetch my wife, and looke you be perfect, you vndoe me else,  
i' my reputation.

LAN. I warrant you Sir, doe not you breed too great an expe-  
ctation of it, among your friends: that's the onely hurter of these  
things.

IOH. No, no, no.

COK. I'll stay here, and see; pray thee let me see.

WIN-VV. How diligent and troublesome he is!

GRA. The place becomes him, me thinkes.

IVS. My ward, *Mistresse Grace* in the company of a stranger? I  
doubt I shall be compell'd to discouer my selfe, before my time!

FIL. Twopence a piece Gentlemen, an excellent Motion.

KNO. Shall we haue fine fire-works, and good vapours!

SHA. Yes Captaine, and water-works, too.

WHI. I pree dee, take a care o'dy shmall Lady, there, *Edgworth*,  
I will looke to dish tall Lady my selfe.

LAN. Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen.

WHI. Predee, Mashter o'de *Monsther sh*, helpe a very sicke Lady,  
here, to a chayre, to shitt in.

LAN. Presently, Sir.

WHI. Good fait now, *Vrsula's Ale*, and *Aqua-vitæ* ish to blame  
for't; shitt downe shweet heart, shitt downe, and shleep a little.

EDG. Madame, you are very welcom hither.

KNO. Yes, and you shall see very good vapours.

IVS. Here is my care come! I like to see him in so good com-  
pany; and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion, should re-  
fort hither!

EDG.

*Cokes is  
handling the  
Puppets.*

*The doore-  
keepers  
speaks.*

*They bring  
Mistress O-  
uerdoo a  
chayre.*

*By Edge-  
worth.*

EDG. This is a very priuate house, *Madame*.

LAN. Will it please your Ladiship sit, *Madame*?

WIN. Yes good-man. They doe so all to be *Madame mee*, I thinke they thinke me a very Lady!

EDG. What else *Madame*?

WIN. Must I put off my masque to him?

EDG. O, by no meanes.

WIN. How should my husband know mee, then?

KNO. Husband? an idle vapour; he must not know you, nor you him; there's the true vapour.

Ivs. Yea, I will obserue more of this: is this a *Lady*, friend?

WHI. I, and dat is anoder *Lady*, shweet heart; if dou hast a minde to 'hem giue me twelue pence from tee, and dou shalt haue eder-oder on 'hem!

Ivs. I? This will prooue my chiefeft enormity: I will follow this.

EDG. Is not this a finer life, *Lady*, then to be clogg'd with a husband?

WIN. Yes, a great deale. When will they beginne, trow? in the name o' the *Motion*?

EDG. By and by *Madame*, they stay but for company.

KNO. Doe you heare, *Puppet-Master*, these are tedious vapours; when begin you?

LAN. We stay but for Master *Littlewit*, the *Author*, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.

WIN. That's I, that's I.

EDG. That was you, *Lady*; but now you are no such poore thing.

KNO. Hang the *Authors* wife, a running vapour! here be *Ladies*, will stay for nere a *Delia* o'hem all.

WHI. But heare mee now, heere ish one o'de *Ladish*, a shleep, stay till shee but wake man.

WAS. How now friends? what's heere to doe?

FIL. Two pence a piece, Sir, the best *Motion*, in the *Fayre*.

WAS. I belecue you lye; if you doe, I'll haue my money againe, and beat you.

WIN. *Numps* is come!

WAS. Did you see a Master of mine, come in here, a tall yong Squire of *Harrow* o'the *Hill*; Master *Bartholmevv Cokes*?

FIL. I thinke there be such a one, within.

WAS. Looke hee be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I ha' beene at the *Eagle*, and the blacke *Wolfe*, and the *Bull* with the fwe legges, and two pizzles; (hee was a Calfe at *Vxbridge Fayre*, two yeeres agone) And at the *dogges* that daunce the *Morrice*, and the *Hare* o' the *Taber*; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine sight, that holds him so, if it haue him.

The Cut-  
purse courts  
Mistresse  
Littlewit.

The doore-  
keepers a-  
gaine.

COK. Come, come, are you readie now ?

LAN. Presently, Sir.

WAS. Hoyday, hee's at worke in his Dublet, and hose; doe you heare, Sir? are you imploy'd? that you are bare-headed, and so busie?

COK. Hold your peace, *Numpes*; you ha' bee'ne i'the stocks, I heare.

WAS. Do's he know that? nay, then the date of my *Authority* is out; I must thinke no longer to raigne, my gouernment is at an end. He that will correct another, must want fault himselfe.

WIN-W. Sententious *Numpes*! I neuer heard so much from him, before.

LAN. Sure, Master *Littlewit* will not come; please you take your place, Sir, wee'll beginne.

COK. I pray thee doe, mine cares long to be at it; and my eyes too. O *Numpes*, i'the stocks, *Numps*? where's your sword, *Numps*?

WAS. I pray intend your game, Sir, let mee alone.

COK. Well, then we are quit for all. Come, sit downe, *Numps*; I'll interpret to thee: did you see Mistresse *Grace*? it's no matter, neither, now, I thinke on't, tell me anon.

WIN-VV. A great deale of loue, and care hee expresse.

GRA. Alas! would you haue him expresse more then hee has? that were tyranny.

COK. Peace, ho; now, now.

LAN. Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,  
*Behold our chiefe Actor, amorous Leander.*

*With a great deale of cloth lap'd about him like a Scarfe,  
For he yet serues his father, a Dyer at Puddle wharfe,  
VVhich place wee'll make bold with, to call our Abidus,  
As the Banke-side is our Sestos, and let it not be deny'd vs.  
Now, as hee is beating, to make the Dye take the fuller,  
Who chances to come by, but faire Hero, in a Sculler;  
And seeing Leanders naked legge, and goodly calfe,  
Cast at him, from the boate, a Sheepes eye, and a halfe.  
Now she is landed, and the Sculler come backe;  
By and by, you shall see what Leander doth lacke.*

PVP. L. Cole, Cole; old Cole.

LAN. That's the Scullers name without controle.

PVP. L. Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.

LAN. Wee doe heare you.

PVP. L. Old Cole.

LAN. Old Cole? is the Dyer turn'd Collier? how doe you sell?

PVP. L. A pox o' you manners, kisse my hole here and smell.

LAN. Kisse your hole and smell? there's manners indeed.

PVP. L. VVhy, Cole, I say Cole.

LAN. It's the Sculler you need!

PVP. L. *I, and be hang'd.*

LAN. *Be hang'd; looke you yonder,  
Old Cole, you must go hang with Master Leander.*

PVP. C. *Where is he?*

PVP. L. *Here, Cole, what sayest of Fayers,  
was that faye, that thou landedst but now a Trigsstayres?*

COK. *What was that, fellow? Pray thee tell me, I scarce vnderstand 'hem.*

LAN. *Leander do's aske, Sir, what sayest of Fayers,  
Was the faye thbe landed, but now, at Trigsstayres?*

PVP. C. *It is lonely Hero.*

PVP. L. *Nero?*

PVP. C. *No, Hero.*

LAN. *It is Hero.*

*Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truthwisch and erring,  
Is come ouer into Fish-street to eat some fresh herring.*

*Leander sayes no more, but as fast as he can,  
Gets on all his best cloathes; and will after to the Swan.*

COK. *Molt admirable good, is't not?*

LAN. *Stay, Sculler.*

PVP. C. *What say you?*

LAN. *You must stay for Leander,  
and carry him to the wench.*

PVP. C. *You Rogue, I am no Pandar.*

COK. *He sayes he is no Pandar. 'Tis a fine language; I vnderstand it, now.*

LAN. *Are you no Pandar, Goodman Cole? hee's a man sayes you are,  
You'll grow a hot Cole, it seemes, pray you stay for your fare.*

PVP. C. *Will hee come away?*

LAN. *What doe you say?*

PVP. C. *I'd ha' him come away.*

LEA. *Would you ha' Leander come away? why 'pray' Sir, say.  
You are angry, Goodman Cole; I beleene the faire Mayd  
Came ouer w' you a trust: tell vs Sculler, are you paid.*

PVP. C. *Yes Goodman Hogrubber, o' Picks-hatch.*

LAV. *How, Hogrubber, o' Picks-hatch?*

PVP. C. *I Hogrubber o' Picks-hatch. Take you that.*

LAN. *O, my head!*

PVP. C. *Harme watch, harme catch.*

COK. *Harme watch, harme catch, he sayes: very good i' faith,  
the Sculler had like to ha' knock'd you, firrah.*

LAN. *Yes, but that his fare call'd him away.*

PVP. L. *Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.*

LAN. *You are knauisbly loaden, Sculler, take heed where you go.*

PVP. C. *Knaue! your face, Goodman Rogne.*

PVP. L. *Row, row, row, row, row, row.*

COK. *Hee said knauel your face, friend.*

LAN.

*The Puppet  
strikes him  
ouer the pate*



LAN. I Sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to these water-men, they will ha' the last word

COK. God's my life! I am not allied to the Sculler, yet; hee shall be Dauphin my boy. But my Fiddle-sticke do's fiddle in and out too much; I pray thee speake to him, on't: tell him, I would haue him tarry in my sight, more.

LAN. I Pray you be content; you'll haue enough on him, Sir. *Now gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid, but that you haue heard of a little god of loue, call'd Cupid.*

*Who out of kindnes to Leander, bearing he but (aw her, this present day and houre, doth turne himselfe to a Drawer. And because, he would haue their first meeting to be merry, he strikes Hero in loue to him, with a pint of Sherry. Which he tells her, from amorous Leander is sent her, who after him, into the roome of Hero, doth venter.*

PVP. Leander goes in to Mistress Hero's room

PVP. IO: *A pint of sacke, score a pint of sacke, i' the Conney.*

COK. Sack! you said but ee'n now it should be Sherry.

PVP. IO: *Why so it is; sherry, sherry, sherry.*

COK. Sherry, sherry, sherry. By my troth he makes me merry. I must haue a name for Cupid, too. Let me see, thou mightst helpe me now, an' thou wouldest, Numps, at a dead list, but thou art dreaming o' the stocks, still! Do not thinke on't, I haue forgot it: 'tis but a nine dayes wonder, man; let it not trouble thee.

WAS. I would the stocks were about your necke, Sir; condition I hung by the heeles in them, till the wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

COK. Well said resolute Numps: but hearke you friend, where is the friendship, all this while, betweene my Drum, Damon; and my Pipe, Pythias?

LAN. You shall see by and by, Sir?

COK. You thinke my Hobby-horse is forgotten, too; no, I'll see 'hem all enact before I go, I shall not know which to loue best, else

KNO. This Gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours, *Whitt*, puffe with him.

WHIT. No, I pte dee, Captaine, let him alone. Hee is a Child i' faith, la'.

LAN. *Now gentles, to the friends, who in number, are two, and lodg'd in that Ale-house, in which faire Hero do's doe.*

*Damon (for some kindnesse done him the last weeke) is come faire Hero, in Fish-streets, this morning to seeke.*

*Pythias do's smell the knauery of the meeting, and now you shall see their true friendly greeting.*

PVP. Pi. *Thou whore-masterly Slaue, you*

COK. Whore-masterly slaue, you! very friendly, & familiar, that.

PVP. Da. *Whore-master's thy face, Thou hast lien with her thy selfe, I'll proue't i' this place.*

COK. Damon sayes Pythias has lien with her, himselfe, hee'll proue't in this place.

LAN.

LAN. *They are Whore-masters both, Sir, that's a plaine case.*

PVP. Pi. *You lye, like a Rogue.*

LAN. *Doe I ly, like a Rogue?*

PVP. Pi. *A Pimpe, anda Scabbe.*

LAN. *A Pimpe, and a Scabbe?*

*I say between you, you haue both but one Drabbe.*

PVP. Da. *You lye againe.*

LAN. *Doe I lye againe?*

PVP. Da. *Like a Rogue againe.*

LAN. *Like a Rogue againe?*

PVP. Pi. *And you are a Pimpe, againe.*

COK. *And you are a Pimpe againe, he sayes.*

PVP. Da. *And a Scabbe, againe.*

COK. *And a Scabbe againe, he sayes.*

LAN. *And I say againe, you are both whore-masters againe,  
and you haue both but one Drabbe againe.*

PVP. Da. Pi. *Do'st thou, do'st thou, do'st thou?*

AN. *What, both at once?*

PVP. P. *Downe with him, Damon*

PVP. D. *Pinke his guts, Pythias:*

LAN. *What, so malicious?*

*will ye murder me, Masters both, i' mine owne house?*

COK. *Ho! well acted my Drum, well acted my Pipe, well acted  
still.*

WAS. *Well acted, with all my heart.*

LAN. *Hld, hold your hands*

COK. *I, both your hands, for. my sake! for you ha' both done well.*

PVP. D. *Gramercy pure Pythias.*

PVP. P. *Gramercy, Deare Damon.*

COK. *Gramercy to you both, my Pipe, and my drum.*

PVP. P. D. *Come now wee'll together to breakfast to Hero.*

LAN. *'Tis well you can now go to breakfast to Hero,  
you haue giuen many breakfast, with a hone and honero.*

COK. *How is't friend, ha' they hurt thee?*

LAN. *O no!*

*Betweene you and I Sir, we doe but make show.*

*Thus Gentles you perceiue, without any deniall,*

*'twixt Damon and Pythias here, friendships true tryall.*

*Though houerey they quarrell thus, and roare each with other,  
they fight you no more, then do's brother with brother.*

*But friendly together, at the next man they meet,*

*they let fly their anger as here you might see't.*

COK. *Well, we haue seen't, and thou hast felt it, whatsoeuer  
thou sayest, what's next? what's next?*

LEA. *This while young Leander, with faire Hero is drinking,*

*and Hero growne drunke, to any mans thinking!*

*Yet was it not three pints of sherry could flaw her.*

M

till

*They fight.*

till Cupid distinguish'd like Ionas the Drawer,  
From vnder his apron, where his lechery lurkes,  
put loue in her Sacke. Now marke how it workes:

PVP. H. O Leander Leander, my deare my deare Leander,  
I'le for euer be thy goose, so thou'lt be my gander.

COK. Excellently well said, Fiddle, shee'll euer be his goose, so  
hee'll be her gander: was't not so?

LAN. Yes, Sir, but marke his answer, now:

PVP. L. And sweetest of geese, before I goe to bed,  
I'll swimme o're the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.

COK. Braue! he will swimme o're the Thames, and tread his  
goose, too night, he sayes.

LAN. I, peace, Sir, the'll be angry, if they heare you cause drop-  
ping, now they are setting their match.

PVP. L. But lest the Thames should be dark, my goose, my deare friend,  
let thy window be provided of a candles end.

PVP. H. Feare not my gander, I protest, I should handle  
my matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.

PVP. L. Well then, looke to't, and kisse me to boot.

LAN. Now, heere come the friends againe, Pythias, and Damon,  
and vnder their clokes, they haue of Bacon, a gammon.

PVP. P. Drawer, fill some wine heere.

LAN. How, some wine there?  
there's company already, Sir, pray forbear!

PVP. D. 'Tis Hero.

LAN. Yes, but shee will not be taken,  
after sacke, and fresh herring, with your Dunmow-bacon.

PVP. P. You lye, it's Westfabian.

LAN. Westphalian you should say.

PVP. D. If you hold not your peace, you are a Coxcombe, I would say.

PVP. What's here? what's here? kisse, kisse, vpon kisse.

LAN. I, Wherefore should they not? what harme is in this?  
'tis Mistresse Hero.

PVP. D. Mistresse Hero's a whore.

LAN. Is shee a whore? keepe you quiet, or Sir Knaue out of doore.

PVP. D. Knaue out of doore?

PVP. H. Yes, Knaue, out of doore.

PVP. D. Whore out of doore.

PVP. H. I say, Knaue, out of doore.

PVP. D. I say, whore, out of doore.

PVP. P. Tea, so say I too.

PVP. H. Kisse the whore o' the arse.

LAN. Now you ha' something to doe:  
you must kisse her o' the arse shee sayes.

PVP. D. P. So we will, so we will.

PVP. H. O my hanches, O my hanches, hold, hold.

LAN. Stand'st thou still?

Damon and  
Pythias en-  
ter.

Leander  
and Hero  
are kissing.

Heere the  
Puppets  
quarrell and  
fall together  
by the eares.

Leander

Leander, where art thou? stand'st thou still like a sot,  
and not offer'st to breake both their heads with a pot?  
See who's at thine elbow, there! Puppet Ionas and Cupid.

PVP. I. Upon hem Leander, be not so stupid.

PVP. L. You Goat-bearded slaue!

PVP. D. You whore-master Knaue.

PVP. L. Thou art a whore-master:

PVP. I. Whore-masters all.

LAN. See, Cupid with a word has tane vp the brawle.

KNO. These be fine vapours!

COK. By this good day they fight brauely! doe they not,  
Numps?

WAS. Yes, they lack'd but you to be their second, all this  
while.

LAN. This tragicall encounter, falling out thus to busie vs,  
It raises vp the ghost of their friend Dionysius:

Not like a Monarch, but the Master of a Schoole,  
in a Scriueners furr'd gowne, which shewes he is no foole.  
for therein he hath wit enough to keepe himselfe warme.

O Damon he cries, and Pythias; what harme,  
Hath poore Dionysius done you in his graue,  
That after his death, you should fall out thus, and raue,  
And call amorous Leander whore-master Knaue?

PVP. D. I cannot, I will not, I promise you endure it.

*They fight.*

## ACT. V. SCENE. V.

To them B V S Y.

BVS. Downe with Dagon, downe with Dagon; 'tis I, will no  
longer endure your prophanations.

LAN. What meane you, Sir?

BVS. I wil remoue Dagon there, I say, that *Idoll*, that heathenish  
*Idoll*, that remaines (as I may say) a beame, a very beame, not a  
beame of the *Sunne*; nor a beame of the *Moone*, nor a beame of a bal-  
lance, neither a house-beame, nor a Weauers beame, but a beame  
in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beame, an ex-  
ceeding great beame; such as are your *Stage-players*, *Rimers*, and  
*Morris-dancers*, who haue walked hand in hand, in contempt of  
the *Brethren*, and the *Cause*; and beene borne out by instruments,  
of no meane countenance.

LAN. Sir, I present nothing, but what is licens'd by authority.

BAS. Thou art all *license*, euen *licentiousnesse* it selfe, *Shimei*!

LAN. I haue the Master of the *Renell's* haud for't, Sir.

M 2

Bvs.

Bvs. The Master of *Rebells* hand, thou hast ; *Satan's* ! hold thy peace, thy scurrility shut vp thy mouth, thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it, thou dost plead for *Baal*. I have long opened my mouth wide, and gaped, I haue gaped as the oyster for the tide after thy destruction : but cannot compasse it by sute, or dispute, so that I looke for a bickering, ere long, and then a battell.

KNO. Good *Banbury-vapours*.

COK. Friend, you'd haue an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no man o'the fist, hee has friends that will goe to cusses for him, *Numps*, will not you take our side ?

EDG. Sir, it shall not need, in my minde, he offers him a fairer course, to end it by disputation ! hast thou nothing to say for thy selfe, in defence of thy quality ?

LAN. Faith, Sir, I am not well studied in these controuerfies, betweene the hypocrites and vs. But here's one of my *Motion*, *Puppet* *Dionisius* shall vndertake him, and I'll venture the cause on't.

COK. Who ? my Hobby-horse ? will he dispute with him ?

LAN. Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-Asse of him, I hope.

COK. That's excellent ! indeed he lookes like the best scholler of 'hem all. Come, Sir, you must be as good as your word, now.

Bvs. I will not feare to make my spirit, and gifts knowne ! assist me zeale, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full.

WIN-W. What a desperate, prophane wretch is this ! is there any Ignorance, or impudence like his ? to call his zeale to fill him against a *Puppet* ?

QVA. I know no fitter match, then a *Puppet* to commit with an Hypocrite !

Bvs. First, I say vnto thee, *Idoll*, thou hast no *Calling*.

PVP. D. *You lie, I am call'd Dionisius*.

LAN. The *Motion* sayes you lie, he is call'd *Dionisius* i the matter, and to that *calling* he answers.

Bvs. I meane no *vocation*, *Idoll*, no present lawfull *Calling*.

PVP. D. *Is yours a lawfull Calling ?*

LAN. The *Motion* asketh, if yours be a lawfull *Calling* ?

Bvs. Yes, mine is of the Spirit.

PVP. D. *Then* *Idoll* *is a lawfull Calling*.

LAN. He saies, then *Idoll* is a lawfull *Calling* ! for you call'd him *Idoll*, and your *Calling* is of the spirit.

COK. Well disputed, Hobby-horse !

Bvs. Take not part with the wicked young Gallant. He neygheth and hinneyeth, all is but hinnying Sophistry. I call him *Idoll* againe. Yet, I say, his *Calling*, his Profession is prophane, it is prophane, *Idoll*.

PVP. D. *It is not prophane !*

LAN. It is not prophane, he sayes.

Bvs. It is prophane.

PVP. *It is not prophane.*

Bvs.

Bvs. It is prophane.

PVP. *It is not prophane.*

LAN. Well said, confute him with *not*, still. You cannot beare him downe with your base noyse, Sir.

Bvs. Nor he me, with his treble creaking, though he creeke like the chariot wheelles of *Satan*; I am zealous for the *Cause*—

LAN. As a dog for a bone.

Bvs. And I say, it is prophane, as being the Page of *Pride*, and the waiting woman of *vanity*.

PVP. D. *Yea? what say you to your Tire-women, then?*

LAN. Good.

PVP. *Or feather-makers i' the Fryers, that are o' your faction of faith? Are not they, with their perrukes, and their puffes, their fannes, and their buffes, as much Pages of Pride, and waiters upon vanity? what say you? what say you? what say you?*

Bvs. I will not answer for them.

PVP. *Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a Bugle-maker a lawfull Calling? or the Confect-makers? such you haue there: or your French Fashioner? you'd haue all the sinne within your selues, would you not? would you not?*

Bvs. No, Dagon.

PVP. *What then, Dagonet? is a Puppet worse then these?*

Bvs. Yes, and my maine argument against you, is, that you are an *abomination*: for the Male, among you, putteth on the apparell of the *Female*, and the *Female* of the *Male*.

PVP. *You lye, you lye, you lye abominably.*

COK. Good, by my troth, he has given him the lye thrice.

PVP. *It is your old stale argument against the Players, but it will not hold against the Puppets; for we haue neyther Male nor Female amongst vs. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind zeale as thou art!*

EDG. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, friend, by playne demonstration.

PVP. *Nay, i'le proue, against ere a Rabbin of' hem all, that my standing is as lawfull as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I haue as little to doe with learning as he; and doe scorne her helps as much as he.*

Bvs, I am confuted, the *Cause* hath failed me.

Pvs. *Then be conuerted, be conuerted.*

LAN. Be conuerted, I pray you, and let the Play goe on!

Bvs. Let it goe on. For I am changed, and will become a beholder with you!

COK. That's braue i' faith, thou hast carryed it away, Hobby-horse, on with the Play!

Ivs. Stay, now do I forbid, I *Adam Ouerdoo*! sit still, I charge you.

COK. What, my Brother i' law!

GRA. My wise Guardian!

EDG. *Iustice Ouerdoo*!

*The Puppet takes up his garments.*

*The Iustice discovers himselfe.*

Ivs. It is time, to take Enormity by the fore head, and brand it; for, I haue discouer'd enough.

## ACT. V. SCENE. VI.

To them, QVARLOVS. (*like the Mad-man*) PVRE-  
CRAFT. (*a while after*) IOHN. to them TROV-  
BLE-ALL. VRSLA. NIGHTIGALE.

QVAR. Nay, come Mistresse Bride. You must doe as I doe,  
now. You must be mad with mee, in truth. I haue heere  
*Iustice Ouerdoo* for it.

Ivs. Peace good *Trouble-all*; come hither, and you shall trou-  
ble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too, you  
also, young man shall be my care, stand there.

EDG. Now, mercy vpon mee.

KNO. Would we were away, *Whit*, these are dangerous va-  
pours, best fall off with our birds, for feare o'the Cage.

Ivs. Stay, is not my name your terror?

WHI. Yesh faith man, and it ish for tat, we would be gone man.

IOH. O Gentlemen! did you not see a wife of mine? I ha'  
lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted: my little pretty *Win*, I left  
her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the Pig-womans,  
with Captaine *Jordan*, and Captaine *Whit*, very good men, and I  
cannot heare of her. Poore foole, I feare shee's stepp'd aside. Mo-  
ther; did you not see *Win*?

Ivs. If this graue Matron be your mother, Sir, stand by her,  
*Et digito compesce labellum*, I may perhaps spring a wife for you,  
anone. Brother *Bartholmew*, I am sadly sorry, to see you so lightly  
giuen, and such a *Disciple* of enormity: with your graue Gouver-  
nour *Humphrey*: but stand you both there, in the middle place; I  
will reprehend you in your course. Mistresse *Grace*, let me rescue  
you out of the hands of the stranger.

WIN-W. Pardon me, Sir, I am a kinsman of hers.

Ivs. Are you so? of what name, Sir?

WIN-W. *Winwife*, Sir:

Ivs. Master *Winwife*? I hope you haue won no wife of her, Sir.  
If you haue, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leasure. Now,  
to my enormities: looke vpon mee, O *London*! and see mee, O  
*Smithfield*; The example of *Iustice*, and *Mirror of Magistrates*: the  
true top of formality, and scourge of enormity. Harken vnto my  
*labours*,

To the Out-  
purse, and  
Mistresse  
Litwit.  
The rest are  
stealing a-  
way.



labours, and but obserue my *discoveries*; and compare *Hercules* with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or *Columbus*; *Magellan*; or our countrey man *Drake* of later times: stand forth you weedes of enormity, and spread. First, *Rabbi Busy*, thou *superlunaticall* hypocrite, next, thou other extremity, thou prophane professor of *Puppetry*, little better then *Poetry*: then thou strong Debaucher, and Seducer of youth; witnesse this easie and honest young man: now thou *Esquire* of Dames, *Madams*, and twelue-penny *Ladies*: now my greene *Madame* ker selfe, of the price. Let mee vnmasque your *Ladiship*.

IOH. O my wife, my wife, my wife!

IVS. Is she your wife? *Redde te Harpocratem!*

TRO. By your leaue, stand by my Masters, be vnouer'd.

VRS. O stay him, stay him, helpe to cry, *Nightingale*; my pan, my panne.

IVS. What's the matter?

NIG. Hee has stolne gammar *Vrsla's* panne.

TRO. Yes, and I feare no man but *Iustice Ouerdoo*.

IVS. *Vrsla*? where is she? O the Sow of enormity, this! welcome, stand you there, you Songster, there!

VRS. An' please your worship, I am in no fault: A Gentleman stripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd his gown, and his hat; and hee ranne away with my goods, here, for it.

IVS. Then this is the true mad-man, and you are the enormity!

QVA. You are i'the right, I am mad, but from the gowne outward.

IVS. Stand you there.

QVA. Where you please, Sir.

OVER O lend me a bason, I am sicke, I am sicke; where's M<sup>r</sup>. *Ouerdoo*? *Bridget*, call hither my *Adam*.

IVS. How?

WHI. Dy very owne wife, i'fai't, worshipfull *Adam*.

OVER. Will not my *Adam* come at mee? shall I see him no more then?

QVA. Sir, why doe you not goe on with the enormity? are you opprest with it? I'll helpe you: harke you Sir, i' your care, your *Innocent young man*, you haue tane such care of, all this day, is a *Cutpurse*; that hath got all your brother *Cokes* his things, and help'd you to your beating, and the stocks; if you haue a minde to hang him now, and shew him your *Magistrates* wit, you may: but I should think it were better, recovering the goods, and to saue your estimation in him. I thank you S<sup>r</sup>. for the gift of your *Ward*, M<sup>rs</sup>. *Grace*: look you, here is your hand & scale, by the way. M<sup>r</sup>. *Win-wife* giue you ioy, you are *Palemon*, you are posselt o'the Gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant for it. And honest mad. man, there's thy gowne, and cap againe; I thanke thee for my wife. Nay, I can be mad, sweet heart, when I please, still; neuer feare me:

And

To Busy,  
To Lantern,  
To the bor'e  
courser, and  
Cutpurse.  
Then Cap.  
Whit, and  
Mistresse  
Littlewit.

Enter Trou-  
ble-all.

To Vrsla,  
and Nigh-  
tingale.

To Quar-  
lous.

Mistresse  
Ouerdoo is  
sicke: and  
her husband  
is silenc'd.

To the wid-  
dow.

Waspe mis-  
feth the Li-  
cence.

And carefull *Numps*, where's he? I thanke him for my licence.

WAS. How!

QVA. 'Tis true, *Numps*.

WAS. I'll be hang'd then.

QVA. Loke i' your boxe, *Numps*, nay, Sir, stand not you fixt here, like a stake in *Finsbury* to be shot at, or the whipping post i' the *Fayre*, but get your wife out o' the ayre, it will make her worse else; and remember you are but *Adam*, *Flesh*, and blood! you haue your frailty, forget your other name of *Ouerdoo*, and inuite vs all to supper. There you and I will compare our *discoveries*; and drowne the memory of all enormity in your bigg'st bowle at home.

COK. How now, *Numps*, ha' you lost it? I warrant, 'twas when thou wert i' the stocks: why dost not speake?

WAS. I will neuer speak while I liue, againe, for ought I know.

Ivs. Nay, *Humphrey*, if I be patient, you must be so too; this pleasant conceited Gentleman hath wrought vpon my iudgement, and preuail'd: I pray you take care of your sicke friend, *Mistresse Alice*, and my good friends all—

QVA. And no enormities.

Ivs. I inuite you home, with mee to my house, to supper: I will haue none feare to go along, for my intents are *Ad correctionem*, non *ad destructionem*; *Ad adificandum*, non *ad diruendum*: so lead on.

COK. Yes, and bring the *Actors*, along, wee'll ha' the rest o' the *Play* at home.

*The end.*

## THE EPILOGVE.



Our Maiesty hath scene the Play, and you  
can best allow it from your care, and view.  
You know the scope of Writers, and what store,  
of leaue is giuen them, if they take not more,  
And turne it into licence: you can tell  
if we haue vs'd that leaue you gaue vs, well:  
Or whether wee to rage, or licence breake,  
or be prophane, or make prophane men speake?  
This is your power to iudge (great Sir) and not  
the enuy of a few. Which if wee haue got,  
Wee value lesse what their dislike can bring,  
if it so happy be, & haue pleas'd the King.

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c



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